

THE SIXT TRAGE  
die of the most graue and prudent  
author Lucius, Anneus, Seneca,  
entituled Troas, with divers and  
sandye addicions to the same,  
Newly set forth in Englishe by  
Jasper Heywood Sch  
dient in Oxen:  
forde.

Anno domini.

1559. i i 1

Cum privilegio ad impri-  
mendum solum.



W. Sealy

TO THE MOST HIGH  
and vertuous prynceſſe, Elyzabeth by the grace  
of god Q ueene of England, Fraunce, and  
Ireland defender of the faith her bignes  
most bumble and obedient ſubiects

Iasper Heywood ſtudent in  
the vniuersite of Ox-  
ford wiþ her helpe  
welth, honour,  
felicitie.



F cōſideration of your  
eyaces goodnes toward  
vs all your loving ſub-  
iectes whycb flyeng  
fame by mowthes of  
men reſoundes had not  
fulli in me repreſſed al  
dreade of reprehencion  
(Moſt noble prynceſſe and my draf ſoueraigne  
Lady) If the wiſdome that God at theſe yeres in  
your bignes bath planted, had not ſeemde to  
me a ſtrong defence againſt all byt of ſhamelē  
arrogāce(reproche wheroff long with diſdain-  
full wordes from iſeful tōgues, as adders ſtinges  
ſhould

## The epistle.

should strike me) fynally if the learning with  
which G O D bath endued your maiestye had  
not ben to me a comfortable perswasion of your  
gracious fauour towarde the simple gift and  
dutie of a scholer, I would not haue incurred  
so daungerous note of presumption, in attemp-  
ting a subiect to bys prynesse, a simple scholer  
to so excellently learned, a rashe yong man to so  
noble a Q ueene by none other signe to signifie  
allegeance and dutie toward your hignes saue  
by writing: when oft times is the pen the onely  
accuser in some pointes of hym that therwith  
doth endite. But now, to se( most gracious Lady )  
that thing come to passe which to the honour of  
him and for the welth of vs god bath ordained,  
a Prynesse to raigne ouer vs, such one, to whom  
great fredome is for vs to serue, what ioymay  
serue to triumphe at that blisfull day or what  
should we spare with pen to preache abrode that  
inward gladnes of hart that floweth from the  
brestes of vs your most louing subiects beseeching  
god that it may please hym to graunt your grace  
long and prosperous gouernance of the imperyal  
crownē of Englannde. Then well understanding  
how greatly your hignes is delighted in the  
swete

## The epistle.

swete sappe of fine and pure writers, I haue  
here presumed to offer unto you such a simple  
new yeres gift as neither presenteth golde nor  
perle, but dutie & good will of a scholler, a piecee  
of Seneca translated into Englishe which I the  
rather enterprise to giue to your bighnes, as  
well for that I thought it shold not be unpleas-  
ant for your grace to see some part of so excellente  
an author in your owne tong (the reading of  
whom in laten I vnderstantende delightes greatly  
your maiestie) as also for that none may be a bet-  
ter iudge of my doinges hercyn, then who best  
vnderstandeth my author: and the authoritie  
of your graces fauour towarde thys my little  
worke, may be to me a sure defence and shielde  
against the sting of reprehending tonges wch  
I most humbly beseeching your bighnes enda  
with prayer to god to sende vs long the  
fruition of so excellente  
and gracious a  
Ladie.

# To ther readers.



Although (gentle Reader) thou  
mayst perhaps thinke me arro-  
gant, soz that I only among so  
many fine wittes, and towardly  
youth, (with which England this  
day flio: lsheth) haue enterprised  
to set forth in englishe, thys present piece, of  
the flowre of all writers Seneca, as who saye  
not fearing what grauer heddes might iudge of  
me, in attempting so harde a thyng, yet upon wel  
pondering what next ensureth, I trust both thy  
selfe shal cleare thyne owne suspicion, and thy  
chaunged opinion, shal iudge of me more right-  
full sentence. For neyther haue I taken thys  
woorde first in hand, as once entreding it shoude  
come to light (of well doing whereof I vitterly  
dispayred) and being done but for mine owne  
private exercysse, I am in mine opinion herein  
blameless, thoughte I haue (to prove my scise)  
prounatiuely taken þ part which pleased me best,  
of so excellent an auctor, for better is time spent  
in the best then other, and at first to attempt the  
hardest writers, shal make a man more prompt,  
to translate the easier with more facilitie. But  
now sines by request, and frendshyp of those, to  
whom I coulde deny nothing, this woord as  
against my will, extorted is out of my handes, I  
nedes must crave thy patience in reading, and  
facilitie of iudgement: when thou shalt apart-  
ly see, my willess lacke of learning, praying  
the to consyder how harde a thyng it is for me,  
so touche at full in all poynces, the aucthoures  
mynde,

## The preface,

minde, (being in many places very harde and  
doubtfull and the wakte muche corrupt by the  
defaute of emill printed booke) and also how  
farre above my powre, to keepe that grace, and  
materiale of style, that Seneca both, when both  
so excellent a writer, hath past the reache of all  
imitacion, and also thys our englishe tong (as  
many thinke and I here synde) is farre un-  
able, to compare with the latten, but thou  
(good reader) if I in any place, haue swerved  
from the truw sence, or not kept the royaltie of  
speach, meete for a tragedie, impute the tone to  
my youth: and lacke of iugement, the other to my  
lacke of eloquence. Now as concerning sondry  
places augmented and some altered in thys my  
translacion. fyrt soasmuch as thys workes re-  
med unto me, in some places vnpersypte (whe-  
ther lefft so of the authour or part of it lost as  
tyme denoueth all thynges I wotte not) I  
haue (where I thought good,) wyth addicyon  
of mine owne pen, supplied the want of some  
thynges, as the fyrt Chorus, after the fyrt  
act beginning thus. O ye to whom se. Also  
in the second acte. I haue added the speche of  
Uchilles spright, rysing from hell to require the  
sacrifice of Polixena beginning in this wise,  
Forlaking now se. Againe the three last sta-  
nes of the Chorus after the same acte, and as  
for the third Chorus which in Seneca begyn-  
neth thus, Que vocat federe? For as much, as no-  
thing is therin but a heaped noumber of farre &  
stranges countreies, consydering with my selfe, ¶

## The preface,

the names of so many unknowne countreyes,  
mountaines, desernes, and woodes should haue  
no grace in the englishe tonge, but be a straunge  
and unpleasaunt thing to the readers, (except  
I should expounde the histories of eche one,  
which would be farre to tedious) I haue in the  
place therof, made a nother beginning in thy  
maner. O loue that leadst me. Whiche at-  
teracyon may be borne withall, seeing that the  
Corus is no part of the substance of the matter.  
In the rest I haue for my slender learning,  
endeavored to kepe touche with the Latyn,  
woorde for woorde or verse for verse as to ex-  
pounde it, but neglecting the placing of the  
wordes obserued their sence. Take ientle rea-  
der this in good worth, wþt all hys fautes,  
faout my first beginninges, and amende ra-  
ther with good will, such chynges as herem are  
mis, then to deprave or discommende my la-  
bour and paynes, for the fautes, soing that

I haue herein, but onely made way to  
other that can farre better do thy  
owne, desyring them that as  
they can, so they woulde.

Fare well gentle reader,  
& accept my good  
will.

## The preface to the tragedye.



Be thi peares siege of Troy, who list to here  
And of thaffaires, that there befall in fight  
Reade pe the workers, þ long sing witten wets  
Of all thassauates and of that latest night,  
When Turrets tops, in Troy they blaised bright  
Good clerkes they were, that haue it written well  
As so; thyss worke, no worde therof doth tell.

But darest Phrygian, well can all reporte  
With dictis eche of Crete in grekishe tong  
And Homere telles, to Troy the Greckes resort  
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song  
Eche one in wyt hath pend a stopy long  
Who doubtess of ought, and casteth care to knowe  
These antique authours, shall the stopy shewe.

The ruines twaine of Troy, the cause of eche  
The glittering helmes, in fieldie the banners spred  
Achilles pres, and Hectoris fighetes they reache  
There may the iestes of many a knight be red,  
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Marc. Diomed,  
With Troylus, Parrys, many other more,  
That day by day, there sought in field full soze.

And how the Greces at ende an engine made  
A hugge horzel where many a warlike knight.  
Enclosed was, the Troianes to inuade  
With Hynrons craft, when Greces had fained flight  
while close they lay, at Tenedos from sight;  
O; how Eneas es as other say,  
And false Intentor did the coiune betray.

But

## The preface.

But as for me. I nought therof endight,  
Mine authour hath not all that strop pend,  
My pen hys wordes in englishe must resight,  
Of latest woe that fell on Troy at ende,  
what finall fates the crucill gods could sende.  
And how the Greces when Troy was burnt, gan weare  
Theyz ire on Troians,therof shall I speake.

Not I with speare who peareced was in fielde,  
Whose throt there cut, or head pecoured was,  
Ne bloodshed blowes, that rent both targe and shiede  
Shall I resight, all that I ouer pas.  
The worke I wright, more wofull is alas,  
For I the mothers teares must here complaine,  
And blood of babes, that gutties haue been staine.

And such as yet, coulde never weapon wwest,  
But on the lappe are woont to dandled be,  
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers brest,  
How grecles them slew, alas here shall ye se,  
To make reporte therof, ay woe is me,  
My song is mischiche, murder miserye.  
And herof speakes, thyd dolfull tragedye.

Thou fury fell, that from thy deepest den  
Couldest cause thy wrath of hell, on Troy to lyght,  
That wrokest woe, guyde thou my hand and pen,  
In weeping verrye of sobbes and sighes to wright,  
As doth mine authour them bewalte aright,  
Helpe wofull Muse for me besemeth well  
Of others teares, with weeping ipe to tell.

W<sup>m</sup>

## The preface.

When battred were to grounde the towres of Troye  
In witt as auncient authours do resight,  
And Greekes againe repaynde to seas with woe,  
Up ryseth here from hell Achilles spryght.  
Vengeance he craves with blood his death to quight,  
Whom Parys had in Hhebus temple slaine,  
With guile betrappe for loue of Polyxene.

And wrathe of hell there is none other price  
That may asswage: but blood of her alone  
Polyxena he craves for sacrifice,  
With threatninges on the grecians many one  
Except they shed hir blood before they gone.  
The spryghtes the hell, and deepest pitres dynieath,  
O virgin dere, alas, do thjust thy deathe.

And Hectoris sonne, Astyanax, alas,  
Dore seely foole hys mothers onely joye,  
Is iudge to die by sentense of Calchas  
Alas the while, to death is led the boye,  
And tumbled downe from Turrets topo in Troy.  
What ruthfull teares may serue to wayle the woe,  
Of Hectors wife that doth her childe so gote

Her pinching pang of harte, who may expresse,  
But such as of like woes haue borne a partie  
Or who bewayle her ruthfull heuynesse  
That never yet hath frit therof the smarte?  
Full well they wote the wae of heauy hart.  
What is to leese a babe from mothers brest,  
They know that are in such a case distrest.

first

# Troas

Fyrst how the Queene lamentes the fall of Troy,  
As hath myne authour done, I shall it wright  
Next how from Hectors wife they led the boy.  
To dye, and her complaintes I shall relight,  
The Waydens death then must I last endyght.  
Now who that list the Quenes complaint to heare,  
In following verse, it shall forthwith appeare.

## The speakers in this tragedie,

Decuba Queene of Troy.  
A company of women,  
The spright of Achilles.  
Talthybius, a Grecian.  
Igamemon, Kyng of Grecians.  
Calchas.  
Pyrrhus.  
Chorus.  
Endromachus.  
An olde man Trojan.  
Ulysses.  
Polyxena.  
Helena.  
The messenger.

# TROAS OF SFNECA

## The first acte

Hecuba.



Who so in pompe of pride were estate,  
or kingdome sets delight:  
Or who that joyes in princes court  
to beare the sway of might.  
He dzedes the fates which from aboue  
the waunting gods downe flinges:  
But last assayunce fide hath,  
in fraile and fickle thinges:  
Let him in me both see the face,  
of fortunes flattering iope:  
And che respect the ruthfull ende,  
of the (O ruinous Troe)  
For never gaue she plainer profe,  
then thys ye present se:  
How fraile and brittle is thestate,  
of pride and high dege.  
The flowre of flowing Iria, loe  
whose fame the heauens resounde,  
The worthy woorkes of gods aboue,  
is bated downe to grounde.  
And whose assautes they soughte asafre,  
from west with banners spredde,  
Where Tanais colde her branches seuen.  
abrode the woorde doth shedde.  
With hugye holt and from the east,  
where springes the newest dea,  
Where Luke warme Tygris chanell runs,  
and metes the ruddy sea.

# Troas

And which from wandering lande of Scythe,  
the bande of widowes sought:  
With fire and sworde thus batterred be,  
her turrets downe to noughe.  
The walles but late of high renowme,  
Ioe herz their ruinous fall:  
The buildings burne and flashing flame,  
swepes through the palays all.  
Thus euery house full hye it smokes,  
of olde & strauncis lande:  
He yet the same withholdes from people,  
the greedy vicerous hande.  
The surging smoke the astre skye,  
and light haith hid away:  
And (as with clothe beset) troys as  
shes staynes the dusky day.  
Through peare with ice and greedy of hart,  
the victor from a farre.  
Doth vewe the long assauted Troy,  
the gayne of ten yeres warre.  
And eke the miseries therof,  
abhorres to looke vpon,  
In though he see it yet leant himselfe,  
beleues it might be won,  
The spoyles therof wyth greedy hand.  
they snachte and beate away:  
3 thousand shippes would not receive  
a boord: so huge a pray.  
The prefull night I doe protest,  
of goddes aduerse to me,  
My contray dust, and Troiane king,  
I call to witnes thee.

## of Seneca.

Whom Troy now hides and vnderneath  
the stones, arte ouer trode:  
With all the gods that guyde thy ghost,  
and Troy that lately trode.  
And you also ye flocking ghostes,  
of all my children dere:  
Ye lesser wyghtes: what euer ill,  
hath hapned to vs here.  
What euer Phœbus waterishe face,  
in fury hath forsayde:  
At raging rile from seas, when erke,  
the monstres had him trayde.  
In childbed bandes I saw it pope,  
and wist it shold be so:  
And I in vaine before Cassan-  
dra tolde it long ago.  
Not false Ulysses hundred hath  
these fires, nor none of his:  
Not yet deceitfull Minons craft,  
that hath byn caule of thys.  
My fire it is wherwith ye burne,  
and Par ys is the vbande:  
That smoketh in thy townes (O Troy)  
the flowre of Phrygian lande.  
But ay alas vnhappy age,  
why dolte thou yet so sore,  
To waste thy contries fatal fall,  
thou knewest it long before.  
Beholde thy last calamites,  
and them bewayle with teares:  
I count as olde Tropes ouertunes:  
and past by many years.

# Troas

I saw the slaughter of the king,  
and how he lost his life:  
By thatwters side(mysentischiſt was)  
with stroke of Pyrrhus knife.  
When in his hand he wounde his lochess,  
and drew the king to grounde:  
And hid to hilles his wicked swordes,  
in depe and dedly wondre.  
Which when the goord king had toke,  
as willing to be slayne,  
Out of the olde mans throte he drew,  
his bloody blade agayne.  
Not pitie of hys peres, alas,  
in mans extremest age:  
From slaughter might hys hand withhold,  
ne yet his yre asswage.  
The gods are witness of the same  
and eke the sacrificis,  
That in hys kingdome holden was,  
that flat on grounde now lies.  
The fater of so many kinges  
Pryam of auncient name,  
Untombed lieth and wantis in blase  
of Troy: hys funerall flame.  
Ne yet the gods are weakt, but los  
hys sonnes and daughters all,  
Such lordes they serue as both by chance  
of lot, to them befall.  
Whom shall I follow now for pray?  
or where shall I be led?  
There is perhaps among the grecian,  
that Hectoris wife will wed.

Dome

## of Seneca

Some man desyres Helenus spouse  
some would Antenor have,  
And in the gretnes there wantes not som  
that would Cassandra crave.  
But I alas most wosfull wight,  
whom no man sekes to chuse,  
I am the onely refuge left,  
and me they cleane refuse,  
Ye carefull captiue company  
why styns your wosfull crye?  
Beate on your brestes and piteouslye  
complayne wich voynce so hyc,  
As mete may be for Troyes estate,  
let ydur complauntes rebounde  
In toys of treeles: and cause the hilis,  
to ring with terrible sounde.

### The Second scene,

*The women. Hecuba*

 Of folke drapt, nor new to wepe (o Queenes)  
thou wilst to wayle, by practise are we taught  
For all these yeres, in such case haue we bene  
since first the Trojan guest, Amyclap sought  
Una sapide the seas, that ledde him on his way  
with sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate  
From whence he brought, his vntreppuning pray,  
the cause alas, of all this dyre debate  
Ten times now bid, the hilis of Iden bee,  
with snow of siluer heve, all ouer lypde.  
And bared is, for Trojan roges eche tree,  
ten times in feilds, the haruest man astrayde,

W.L.

# Troas

The syppes of corne hath reapt, since never day  
his wayling wantes, newe cause receives our wo.

Lift vp thy hand, (o Quene) crye well away;  
we follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.

HEC. ye faithful fellowes of your casualtie  
Untye thattyre, that on your heades ye weare,

And as bchoueth state of misery,

let fall about your woful neckes, your heare.

In dust of Troy, rub al your armes about,  
in slacker wede, and let your brestes be tyde  
Dowone to your bellies, let your lummes lyce out,  
soz what wedlocke shoud you pour bolomes byder  
Your garmentes loose, and haue in readinesse  
your furious handes, vpon your brestes to knocke

This habite wel besemeth our distres  
it pleaseith me, I know the Trojan flocke  
Renew agayn your long accustomed cryes  
and more then earst, lament your miseries.

We bewaile Hector.

WD. Our heart we haue vntide, now euery chona  
All rent for sorowes of our cursed case  
our lockes out spreades, the knots we haue vndons  
End in these ashes stapyed to our face.

HEC. Ful vp your handes & make therof no spare,  
for this yet lawfull is, from Troy to take,  
Let downe your garmentes from your shoulders bare  
and suffre not your clamour so to flake.

Your naked brestes wan for your handes to smyght  
new dolour depe, nowe sorrow, shew thy might  
Make al the coales that compas Troy about  
witnessle the sound, of all your careful crye  
Cause from the caues, the Echo to cast out

## of Seneca

Rebounding boyce of al your misery:

not as she wontes, the latter woord to sound;

But al your woe, from farr let it rebounde

Let al the seaw it heare, and eche the land

Spare not your brestes with heauy stroke to stryke

beate ye your selues, eche one with cruel hand

For yet your wonted crie doth me not like

We bewayle Hector.

W.D. Our naked armes, thus here we rent for thee,  
and bluddy shoulders, (Hector) thus we staine:

Thus with our fistes, our heades lo beaten be  
and al for thee, behold we hale our heare.

Our dugges alas, with mothers handes be tornne  
and where the fleshe is wounded round about

Which for thy sake, we rent thy death to morne  
the flowing stremes of blud, they spring therout,

Thy countrys shoze, and destinies delape,  
and thou to weareid Troians wast an ayde.

I wall thou wall, and on thy shoulders Troy  
ten peres it stode: on thee alone it stayne,

With thee it fell: and fatal day alas  
of Hector both, and Troy but one there was.

H.C. Enough hath hector: turne your plaint & moane  
and shed your teares for Pyrame every chone.

W.D. Receiue our plaintes, O lord of Phrygian land,  
and old twise captiue king, receive our feare,

Whyle thou wert king, Troy hurtles then could stand  
though shaken twise, with Grecian sword it ware,

And twise did shot of Hercules quynct bear:

at latter los of Hecubes sonnes all  
and roges for kinges, that high on pyles weare:

thou father shalbe our latell funerall.

# Troas

And beaten downe, to Ioue for sacrifice.

like lucies blocke, in Troye thy carcas lies.

Hec. Yet turne ye once your treates, another way,

my Pyrame's death shalld not lamented be

O Troianes all, full happy is Pyrame say,

for free from bondage, downe descended he,

To the lowest ghostes: and never shall sustayne

his captiue necke, with Grecches to poked be

He never shall beholde the Strides twayne

nor false Ulysses euer shall he see,

Not he a pray, for Grecches to tryumphre at

his neck shall subiect, to their conquestes bears

He gyue his handes, to tye behind his backe

that to the rule of scepters wonted weare

Noz following Agamemnon's chare, in bande

shall he be pompe, to proude Mycenias lande.

W.O. Full happy Pyrame is, eche one we say

that tooke with him his kingdome, then that shooke

Now safe in shade, he sekes the wandring way

and treades the pathes of all Elizius woode,

And in the blesled sprites, full happie he,

againe there sekes, to mete with Hectors ghoste,

Happy Pyrame, happy who so may see,

his kingdome all, at ones with him be loste.

¶ Chorus added to the tragedy

by the translatour.



Peto whom, the lord of land and seas,  
of lyfe and death, hath graffited here the pointe  
Lay downe your losy lookes, your pydde appears  
the crowned king, flicke not his fatal boome.  
Who

## of Seneca.

Who so thou be, that lead'st thy land alone  
thy life was limite, from thy mother's wombe,  
Not purple robe, nor gloriouſe glittering throne,  
ne crowne of golde, redemes the from the tombe  
King he was, that wayting for the dayle,  
of him that slew, the Minotaure in fight:  
Begylde with blackenes, of the wondē ſarle  
in ſeaſ him ſonke, and of his name they hight.  
Ho he that wilde, to win the golden ſpoule  
and firſt with ſhip, by ſeaſ to ſeke renoune,  
In leſſer wauē, at length to death gan doyle,  
and thus the daughters, brought their father downe,  
Whose ſonges, the woodes hath drafwen, and riuers held,  
and byrdes to heare his notes, did theyſe forſake,  
In pece meale throune, amid the Thracian ſeilde,  
without returne hath ſought the Egiyan lake.  
They ſit aboue, that hold our life in ſtre,  
and what we ſuffre, downe they ſting from hpe  
No carke, no care, that euer may bntwne  
the thuds, that women are aboue the ſkye,  
Is witneſt he, that ſomtime kyng of Grecce,  
had Iason thought, in dienching ſees to drowne  
Who ſcapte both death, and gaundē the golden fleete,  
whom fates aduaunce, ther may no powre plinch downe  
The highest god, ſomtime that Saturne hight  
his fall him caught to credit ther dectyes  
The rule of heauens: he lost it by their might  
and loue his ſonne, now turnes the rolling ſkies.  
Who weneth here to win eternall welth,  
let him behold this preſent perfis prooffe,  
And learme, the ſecrete ſteppes, of chaunces ſtreith,  
moſt ne're alaſ, when moſt it ſemeth aloofe.

# Troas

In slipper soy, let no man put his trust  
let none dispayre, that heauy happes hath past  
The swete with sowe, she mngleth as she lust  
whose doubtfull web, pretendeth nought to last.  
Frayltie is the thrid, that Clothoes rocke hath sponne,  
now from the distasse drawne, now knapt in twayne  
With al the world, at length his end he wonne,  
whose works haue wrought, his name shold gret remaine  
and he, whose trauelies, twelve, his name dispay,  
that feared nought, the force of worldly hulc,  
In fine alas hath found his fatal day,  
and dyed with smart of Dianyracs shurt,  
If powres might eternitie procure,  
then Hyspane yet should liue in lyking lust  
By poxly pompe of pride, thou art vnseure  
to learne by him, o kinges ye are but dust.  
and Hecuba that walthe now in care,  
that was so late of high estate a Queen  
a mirrour is, to teache you what you are  
your waunting welth, o princes, here is seen.  
Whom dawne of day, hath seen in high estate  
before sonnes set, alas hath had his fall  
The cradelles rocke, apointes the lyfe his date  
from settled soy, to sodayn funerall.

## The second acte,

The sprite of Achilles added to the tragedie by the translatour.

The

## The first scene,

**H**0:leking now the places tenebrous,  
and depe dennes of th' infernal regions  
From all the shadowes of clisous:  
That wander there the pathes full many ones.  
Lo, here am I returned all alone,  
The same Achill whose ferre and heury hand  
Of all the world, no wight might yet withstand.

What man so stout of all the Grecians host,  
That hath not somtime craued Achilles aide,  
and in the Troians, who of prowes most  
That hath not fearde to see my banners splayde  
Achilles lo, hath made them all astrayde,  
and in the Grekes hath been a piller polt,  
That sturdy stode against the Troiane host.

Where I have lacke, the Grecians went to warre  
Troy hath prouide what Achilles sword could do  
Where I haue come the Troianes fled a backe,  
Retirring fast from field their walles vnto,  
No man that might Achilles stroke so doo,  
I dealt such stripes amid the Trojan route,  
That with their blood I stainde the fieldes about.

Mighty Menmon, that with his Persian bande,  
Would Pyrames part with all his might mayntayne  
Lo now he lythe and knoweth Achille's hand  
amid the field is Troylus also slayne.  
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accounted playne  
The flower of chivalry that might be found,  
all of Achilles had their mortall wound,

## Troas

But Paris so, such was his false disceite,  
Pretending mariage of Polyxene,  
Behind the auiter lay for me in wayte  
Where I vntwares haue faine into the trayne  
And in Appolloes church he hath me slaine  
Wherof the hell will now iust vengeance haue,  
And here agayne, I come my right to craue.

The depe Suerne my rage may not sustayne  
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spright  
From Scheront, I rent the soyle in twayne  
and through the ground, I grante again to sight  
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,  
Vengeans and blood doth Orcus pit require,  
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land, that worse then Tartare is  
and burning thruit excedes of Tantalus,  
Here beholde agarie, and Troy is this  
O, trauell worse, then lone of Syphus  
and paynes that passe the panges of Tityus  
To light more lothsome surie hath me sent  
Then hooked whrie, that Iuons fleshe doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where spretes do dwelle  
The wicked slaughter wrought by wryl way,  
Not yet revenged hath the deepest hell,  
Achilles blood on them that did him slay  
But now of vengeance comes the yicfull day  
and darkest dennes of Tartar; from beneath  
Conspire the fates: of them that wrought my death.

Now

## of Seneca.

Now mischiefe, murder, wrath of hell draweth nere  
and dyre Phlegethon flood doth blood require  
Achilles death shalbe revenged here  
With slaughter such as Hesperian lakes desyre  
Her daughters blood shall slake the sprites yre,  
Whose sonne we slew, wherof doth yet remayne,  
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe they; Payne.

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,  
and syer that nought but streames of blood may slake  
The rage of wynde and seas these shippes shal beate,  
and Ditis depe on you shal vengeance take,  
The sprites crye owt, the earth and seas do quake  
The poole of Tyre, ungrateful Grecians it seath,  
With slaughtered blood revenge Achilles death.

The soile doth shake to beare my heauy foote  
and feareth agayn the sceptours of my hand  
The poales with stroke of thunderclap ring out  
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,  
and fearful Phœbus hideth his blasing brand.  
The trembling lakes agaynst their course do flyte,  
For dreade and terrur of Achilles spryte.

Great is the rausom, ought of deive to me,  
Wherwith ye must the sprites, and hell appeare,  
Polyxena shal sacrificised be,  
Upon my tombe, their yresful wrath to plesse,  
and with her blood, ye shal asswage the sease  
your shippes may not retorne to Greece againe  
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

Ind

# Troas

End for that she should then have been my wye,  
I will that Pyrrhus render her to me,  
And in such solemne sort byzeene her lyfe,  
as ye are wont the weddingges for to see,  
So shall the wrath of hell appeased be,  
Hought els but this may satistye our pce,  
Her will I haue, and her I you require.

## The second sceane.

*Talibybius. Chorus.*

**A**Las how long the linging grecches  
in heaven do make delay,  
When either war by seas they seeke  
or home to pas their way.

**Clio.** Why shew what cause doth hold your shippes  
and Grecian nauie stayes,  
Declare if any of the gods  
have stopt your homeward wyes.

**Talibybius.** My mynd is masde my trembling sinnewes  
quake and are afarde,

For straunger newes of truthe then thys  
I thinke wer never hearde.

Lo I my self haue plauynt seene,  
in dawning of the day,

When Phebus fyre gan to approche,  
and dryue the staires away.

The earth all shaken fodeynip  
and from the hollow ground,  
My thought I heard with roring crys  
A depe and dreadfull sound.

**Chorus**

of Seneca.

That shoke the woods and all the trees  
rung out with thunder stroke,  
From Ida hillis downe fell the stones  
the mountayn tops were broake.  
and not the earth hath only quake  
but all the sea likewise,  
Achilles presence felt and knew  
and high the surges rysse.  
The clauen ground Erebis pitts  
then shewed and depeit denues,  
That downe to Goddes that gypde beneath,  
the way appearde from hence.  
Then shoke the tombe from whence anow  
in flame of fyre light,  
appeareth from the hollow canes  
Achilles noble spright.  
as wonted he his Thracian armes  
and banners to disploye  
and weide his weighty weapons well,  
against thassuates of Troye.  
The same Achilles seemed he than  
that he was wont to be  
amid the hostes, and easly could  
I know, that this was he.  
With carcas slayne in furious fight  
that shote and fide eche flood,  
and who by slaughter of his hand  
made Xanthus runne with blood  
as when in chariot high he sate  
with lofty stomacke thought.  
While Hector both and Troy at once  
he drew the walles abougt.

Glouces

# Troas

clowde he cryde and every coaste,  
rang with Achilles sound  
and thus with hollow boyce he spake,  
from bottome of the ground.

The greces shal not with little pice  
redeme Achilles pze,  
A princely rausome must they gene,  
for so the fates require.

Unto my ashes Polyxene,  
spoused shal here be slaine,  
By Pyrrhus hand, and all my tombs  
her blood shal overstayne.

This layd, he straight sanke downe agayne  
to Hintoes depe regions,

The earth then closde the hollow canes  
were banished and gone.

Therwith the wether waxed clere,  
the raging windes did slake,

The tonibling seas began to rest,  
and al the tempest brake.

## The third sceane.

*Pyrrhus. Agamemnon.  
Calchas.*

**M**hat tyme our shipes we shold haue spred,  
Upon Hygeon seas,  
With swift retурne from long delay,  
to leke our homeward waies,

Achilles

## of Seneca

Uchilles rose whose onely hand,  
hath geuen grekes the spople.  
Of Troia soze annoyde by him  
and leueld with the soyle.  
With spedre requyting hys abode  
and former long delaye,  
At Hcyros yle and Leibos both,  
amid the Egeon sea.  
Till he came here in doubte it stode,  
of fall or sure estate  
Then though ye haft to graunt his will  
ye shall it geue to late.  
Now haue the other captaynes all,  
the pypce of their manhood,  
What els rewarde for his pouer,  
then her all onely blood?  
Ire his deserres thinke you but light,  
that when he myght haue fled,  
And passing Pelopas peres in peace,  
a quyer life haue led.  
Detected yet his mothers craftes,  
forsooke his womans wede,  
And with his weapons proued himselfe,  
a manly man in dede.  
The king of Mystra Telephus  
that would the grekes withstand,  
Coming to Troy forbidding vs,  
the passage of his land.  
To late repenting to haue fait,  
Uchilles heauy stroke,  
Was glad to crave his health agayne,  
where he his hurt had toke.

## Troas

For when his soze might not be salned  
as tolde Appollo plaine,

Except the speare that gaue the hurt  
restored helpe agayne.

Achilles plasters cured his cuttes  
and saued the king alius  
His hand both might and mercy knew  
to stay and then reuine.

When Thebes fell: Cetion saw it  
and might it not withstand,  
The captiuе king could nought redres  
the ruine of his land.

Lynnesus little likewyse felt  
his hand and downe it fell,  
With ruine ouerturned lyke  
from top of haughty hill.  
And taken Byzantes land it is  
and prisoner is she caught

The cause of Stryfe betwene the kinges  
is Chryses come to naught.

Tenedos yle wel knowne by fame  
and fertile soyle he tooke

That fostreth satte the Thracian flockes  
and sacred Illa shooke.

What bootes to blashe the brante of him  
whom trompe of fame doth shew,

Through all the coastes where Caucas flood  
with swelling streme doth flow?

The ruthfull ruine of these realmes  
so many townes bette downe,  
another man would glory count  
and worthy great renowne,

But

## of Seneca

But thus my father made his way  
and these his tourneys are,  
And battayles many one he fought,  
whyle warre he doth prepare.  
Is whilste I may his merites moxe  
Shall pet not this remayne.  
Well knownen and counted prayse enowghs  
that he hath Hector slayne?  
During whose life the Grecians all  
might never take the towne  
My father only vanquishe Troye  
and you haue pluckt it downe,  
Elioys I may your parentes prayse  
and bruste abrode his actes  
It semeth the soon to follow well  
his noble fathers actes,  
In sight of Pryame Hector slayne  
and Memnon both they laye,  
With heawy cheere his parentes waydes  
to mouerne his dying day.  
Himselfe abhorde his handy workes  
in fight that had themslayne  
The sonnes of Cobbes Achilles kniue  
wert borne to dye agayne.  
The woman Queene of Amasons  
that greeude the Grecies full sore  
Is turnde to flight then cast out here  
we drade their bowes no moxe.  
If ye weli wry his worthiness  
Achilles ought to haue  
Though he from Argos or Mycea  
nas would a virgin craue.

Doubts

# Troas

Doubte ye herein: allow ye not  
that streight his will be doon.  
And count ye cruel Pyramess blood  
to gue to Peleus sonnes  
For Helens sake your own childeſ blood,  
appealde Dianaes yre,  
A wondred thing and done ere this,  
it is that I requyre.

¶ The onely faulte of yowth it is  
not to refrayne his rage,  
The fathers blood alreadyn surres,  
in Pyramess wanton age  
Somtime Achilles grieuous cheker  
I bare with pacient hart,  
The more thou mayſt the more thou ongiffſt,  
to ſuffre in good part.  
Whereto would ye with ſlaughtred blood  
a noble ſpirite ſlayne?  
Thinke what is mete the greekes to doo  
and troians to ſlayne.

The proude eſtate of tiranye  
may never long endure.  
The king that rules with modell meaneſ  
of ſafetie may be ſure.  
The higher ſteppe of princely ſtate  
that fortune hath vs fynde,  
The more behouthe a happy man  
humilitie of mynde,

And dreade the chaunge that chaunce may bring  
whose gyfes ſo lone be loſte  
And chiefly then to ſcarce the gods,  
whyle they the fauour moſt.

In dea

# of Seneca.

In beating downe that wretched woman,  
by proofe I haue ben taught,

What pompe and pride, in twinkle of Iye,  
may fall and come to naught.

Troy made me stetes and greate of minde,  
Troy makes me fayde with all:

The Greekes now stands where Troy late fell,  
eche thing may haue his fall.

Sometime I graunge I did my selfe,  
and sceptors proudly beare,  
The thing that might aduaunce my herte  
makes me the more to feare.

Thou Pyrame perfite proofe presentis,  
thou art to me certenes:

I cause of pride, a glas of fayne,  
a mirrour for the nones.

Should I account the sceptors ought,  
but gloriouſe vanitie?

Much like the borrowed brayded here,  
the face to beweſie.

Onesodaine chaunce may turne to naught,  
and maime the might of men,

With fewer then a thousande shippes,  
and peres in les then ten.

Not ſhe that guides the ſhipper whele,  
of fate doth ſo delape:

That ſhe to all poſſeſſion grauntis,  
of ten peres ſetled ſlape.

With leue of Greece I will conſelle,  
I would haue wonne the towne,

But not with ruine thus ſervis,  
to ſe it beaten downe.

C.ii

201

# Troas

But loe the battell made by night  
and rage of feruent minde,  
Could not abyde the brayingng bitts  
that reason had assinde.

The happy swerd once staynde with blood  
vnsaciable is,

And in the barte the feruent rage  
both strike the more amiss.

Now are we wreake on Troy to much  
let all that may remaine.

A virgin borne of princes blood  
for offring to be slaine

And geuen be to staine the tombe  
and ashes of the ded,

And vnder name of wedlocke si  
the giltyes blood be shed,

I will not graunt: for mine shoud bes  
therof both saute and blame,

Who when he may forbiddeth not  
offence: doth will the same.

PyR. And shall hys sprightes haue no reward  
their angers to appayle?

S. Yes very great, for all the worldes  
shall celebrate hys prayse.

And landes unknowne that never saw  
the man so praisde by fame,

Shall here and keepe for many yeres,  
the glory of his name.

If bloodshed vnyle hys aliesoughs  
strike of an oxes hed,

And let no blood that may be cause  
of mothers teares be shed

## of Seneca.

What furious strafye may this be  
that doth your wyl so leade,  
This earnest carefull sinne to make  
in trauaile for the deader?  
Let not such enuy towarde your fa-  
ther in your hart remaine,  
That for hys sacrifice ye woulde  
procure an others payne.

¶ R. ¶ Broude tyrant whyle prosperitis  
thy stomacke both aduaunce,  
Ind cowardly wretch that shynkis for feare  
in case of fearefull chunce.  
Is yet againe thy brest enflamde,  
with brande of venus myghty  
Wilt thou alone so oft depaue  
A chilles of hys right?

Thys hand shall give the sacrifice  
the which if thou withstande.

I greater slaughter shall I make,  
and worthy Pyrrhus hande.

Ind now to long from princes slaug-  
ter doth my hande abide,

Ind meeke it were that Polyxene  
were layde by Priamens syde.

¶ G. I nought deme but Pyrrhus chiefe  
renowne: in warre is this,

That Priam slaine wþt cruel sworde,  
to your father humbled is.

¶ R. ¶ My fathers foes we have them knowne,  
Submit themselves humblye.

Ind Pyram presently ye wolt,  
was gladdde to traue mycye.

## Tcoas

But thou for feare not shoul to rule,  
Iewell close from soes vp shitt:  
While thou to Iax and viss:  
See, dooeste thy will conuict.

**A G.** But nedes I must and will confess  
your fathert dyd not feare:  
When burnt out flete with Hectors brandes,  
and Grecches they slawghtred weare,  
While loytring them a loose he lay,  
vnumindfull of the fight.

In steade of armes with scratche of quill,  
hys lounding harpe to smight.

**P Y R.** Great Hector; then despising thes  
Achilles songes dyd feare:  
And thessale shippes in greatest dredre,  
in quiet peace yet weare.

**A G.** For why aloose the thessale flete,  
they lay from Troians handes,  
And well your fathert might haue rest,  
he fel not Hectors brandes,

**P Y R.** Well semes a noble king to give  
an other king reliexe,

**A G.** Whie hast thou then a worthie king  
bericued of hys spesee?

**P Y R.** A point of mercie sometime is,  
what liues in care to kill,

**A G.** But now your mercie moueth you  
a virgins death to will.

**P Y R.** Account ye cruell now her death  
whole sacrifice I crave.

Your owne dere daughter once ye knowe,  
your scle to thauers game.

**A G.**

## of Seneca.

S G. Nought els could save the Greces from that,  
but thonlie blood of her:

S King before his children ought,  
his countrey to prefer.

PYR. ¶ The law doth spare no captives blood  
nor wilthe their death to staye.

S G. ¶ That which the law doth not forbid,  
yet shame doth ofte say nay.

PYR. ¶ The conquerour what thing he lyft,  
may lawfully fulfill.

S G. ¶ So much the les he ought to lyft,  
that may do what he will.

PYR. ¶ Thus boast ye these as though in all  
ye onely bare the stroke:

When Pyrrhus loosed hath the greekes,  
from bonds of ten peres yoke.

S G. ¶ Hath Mycetes ye such stonnes bched?

PYR. ¶ No brethernes wrath it knowys.

S G. ¶ Beset about it is with wane.

PYR. ¶ The seas: it do enclose.

Thyestes noble stock I knowe,  
and Streus che full well,

End of the brethernes dire debate.  
perpetuall faine doth tell.

S G. ¶ And thou a bastarde of a mayde,  
deslowed virtuely.

Whom(then a boy) Achilles gate,  
in filchy lechery.

PYR. ¶ The same Ichnill that doth possest,  
the raigne of goddes abone.

With Thetys seas:with Encus sprightes,  
the starred heauen with Jove.

C.iii.

¶

## Troas

25. ¶ The same Achilles that was slaine,  
by stroke of partys honde  
¶ Pyr. ¶ The same Achilles, whom no god  
durst ever yet withstande  
26 ¶ The stoutest man I rather would,  
hys chekes he should restraine,  
I could them tame, but all your bragges,  
I can full well sustaine.  
For euen the captiues spares my sworde:  
let Calchas called be.  
If destenies require her blood,  
I wyl thereto agre.  
Calchas whose counsell rulde our shippes,  
and nauy hyther brought,  
Unlokst the poale and hast by arte,  
the secretes therof sought.  
To whom the bowelles of the beast,  
to whom the thunder clap,  
And blasing warre with flaming traite,  
betokeneth what shall hap.  
Whose wordes with dearest price I bought,  
now tell vs by what meane,  
The will of Gods agreeeth that we  
returne to Greece againe.  
¶ E.S.L. ¶ The fates apoint the Grecens to by  
theyr waies with wonted pice,  
And with what cost ye came to Troy,  
ye shall repayze to Greece  
With blood ye came, with blood ye must,  
from hence returne againe,  
And where Achilles abes lyeth,  
the virgin shall be slaine,

## of Seneca.

In stately sort of habite such  
as maydens wout ye se,  
O! Chellallie, or Mycenae els,  
what time they wedded be.  
With Pyrrhus hand she shall be slaine,  
of right it shalbe so.  
And meete it is that heythe sonne,  
his fathars right shoulde do.  
But not this onyl stappeth our shippes,  
our sayles may not be spied,  
Before a worthier blood then thine,  
(Polixena) be shed.  
which thirft the fates for Ulysses ne-  
vew, Hectoris little bope:  
The grekes shall tumble hedlong downe,  
from hyghest towne in Troy.  
Let him there die, this onyl way  
ye shalbe the gods appeas,  
Then spread your thousand sayles with ioy,  
ye neede not feare the seas.

### Chorus.

My thyng be true or doth the fable sayne,  
when corps is dead the sprite to live as yet?  
when death our spes with beaute hand doth straine  
And fatal day our lasses of light hath shet,  
And in the tombe our ashes once be set,  
Hath not the soule likewise his funerall,  
But still alas do wretchedes lie in thral?

O! els doth all at once together dyse/  
And may no part his fatal howre delay.

C. iiiii.

161

# Troas

But with the breath the soule from hence doth flie,  
And the cloudes to banish quite away,  
Is dankye shade fiereth from the poste by day,  
And may no woe escape from deserie,  
When once the brande hath burnde the boder.

What euer then the ryse of some may see,  
And what the weste that settys the sonne doth knowe,  
In all Neptunus raigne what euer bee,  
That restles seas doe washe and ouerflow,  
With purple waues still combing to and fro.  
Age shall confuse : eche thing that liueth shall die,  
With swifter race then Pegasus doth flie.

End with what whyile, the twise sixe signes do flie,  
With course as swift, as recours of the spheares,  
Doth guide those glistering globes eternallie,  
And Decate her chaunged hornes repeates,  
So draueth on deathe, and life of eche thing weaveth,  
And never may the man retourn to sight,  
That once hath felt the stroke of Marsas myght.

For as the flame that from the fire doth pas,  
With courte of hande, doth vanishe out of sight  
End swifter then the northen bores,  
With whirling blaste and storne of raging myght,  
Driueth far away and puttes the cloudes to flyght,  
So flieth the spright that rules our life away,  
End nothing carpeith after dyng day.

Swift is the race we come, at hand the moche,  
Laye downe your hope, that weight here ought to laye,  
End

## of Seneca.

Ind who diuers ought, cast of thy carefull carke,  
Wilt thou it wotte what stite thou shalt be in,  
When deade thou art: as thou hadst never bin.  
For greedy time it doth devoure vs all,  
The wouide it swapes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the corps and spareth not the spright,  
Ind as so: all the denues of Tenare deepe,  
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no lyght,  
Ind streightest gates that he there sits to keepe,  
They fasshes are, that followe folke by sleepe  
Such rumours hayne, but sayned lies they are,  
And fables, lyke the dreames in heauy care.

These thre stunes following are  
added by the translatour.

O dreadfull day: alas the sorie tyme,  
Is come of all the mothers ruthfull wo,  
Iustianar, alas thy fatal line,  
Of life is worne, to death straignt shal thou go,  
The sisters haue decreed it shold be so,  
There may no force alas escape their hande,  
The mighty Ioue their will may not withstande.

To see the mother, her tender chylde forsake.  
What ientle hart that may from teares refraine,  
Or who so fierce that would not pittie take,  
To see alas the goutes infant slaine.  
For sorie hart the teates mine ipen do staine,  
To thinke what sorowte shall her hart oppresse,  
Her little chylde to leese remedyless,

Edm

# Trois

The double cares of Hectors wife to mayle,  
Good Ladies haue your teates in reddines,  
And you with whom shoud pitie most preuaile.  
Rue on her greefe: bewaile her heauines,  
With sobbing hart, lament her deepe distres  
When she with teates shall take leaue of her sonn,  
And now (good iadies) here what shall be doon.

## The thirde acte.

*Andromacha. Senex.*

*Vlffcs.*

  
Las ye carefull company  
why haile ye thys pour heares?  
Why beate you so pour boylng brestes  
and staine pour ipes with tearey?  
The fall of Troy is new to you  
but unto me not so,  
I haue foresene this carefull case  
ete thys time long ago  
When fierce Achilles Hector slew  
and drew the corps abought  
Then then me thought I wist it well,  
that Troy should come to nought.  
In sorrowes sonke, I sensies am  
and wrapt alas in woe,  
But soone except thys babe me helde,  
to Hector would I goe.  
Thys seely soule my stomack tames  
ampd my miserye,  
And in the houre of heaviest happenes,  
permittes me not to dye,

XVII

## of Seneca.

Thys onely cause constrainyth me yet  
the Gods for him to pray.  
With tracte of time prolongeth my paine,  
delayes my dying daye.  
He takes fro me the lacke of feare  
the onely frute of yll.

For while he liues yet have I leste  
wherof to feare me yll.  
No place is left for better chaunce,  
with woorke we are opprest:  
To feare alas and se no hope,  
is worse of all the rest.

SEN. What sodaine feare thus moves your minde,  
and vexeth you so soore?

TRO. Still stil alas of one mishap  
theryseth more and more.

Not yet the bolefull baleyness  
of Troy become to ende

SEN. And what more grievous chaunces yet  
prepare the gods to sendee?

SEN. The caues and dens of hell be rent  
for Troians greater feare,  
And from the bottomes of theyr tombes  
the hidden sprightes appeare.

May none but Grecies alone from hell  
returne to lyfe agayne?  
Would god the fates would fawishe soone  
the sorowes I sustaine.

Death thankfull were, a common care  
The Trouans all opprest,  
But me alas amafeth moche  
the fearefull heauiness.

Actus

# Troas

That all afforied am for drede,  
and horrour of the sight:

That in my sleepe appearde to me,  
by dreame this latter night.

**DEC. 2.** Declare what sightes your dreams hath shewen  
and tell what doth you feare.

**W.M.D. 2.** Two partes of all the silent night,  
almost then passed weare.

And then the clere seven clustred beames  
of starres: were fallen to rest.

And first the siepe so long vnknowynge  
my werted iyes opprest.

If this be sleepe the afforied mase,  
of minde in heauy moode,

When sodenly before mine iyes,  
the spright of Hector stooede.

Not like as he the Grecian was wont  
to bataile to require

Or when amid the Grecians shippes,  
he threw the brandes of fyre.

Not such as raging on the Grecian,  
with slaughtring stroke had slaine,  
And bare in dede the spoules of him  
that did Ichilles fayne.

This countenance not now so bright.  
Nor of so lucty cheare,

But sad and heauy like to ownes,  
and cladde with vglie heare.

It did me good to se him though,  
when shaking then his hed:

Shake of thy sleepe in hast he sayd,  
and quickly leue thy bed.

Contry

# of Seneca.

Convey into some secret place,

our sonne, O faithfull wife,

Thys onely hope there is to helpe,

finde meane to save his life.

I leue of thy pitous teares he sayes

doest thou yet walle for Troe?

Would god it lay on grownde full flatte,

so ye might save the boy.

Up stirre he sayd thy selfe in hall,

conueye him priuelie,

Gave if ye may the tender blood,

of Hectors progenie.

Then straight in trembling feare I walke

and roulde mine iyes abought

Forgetting long my childe, perischede,

and after Hector sought.

Put straight alas, I will not howe

the spright away did passe,

And me forsoke before I come,

my husbande once embrasse.

O childe: O noble fathers byonde

and Troians only iope,

O worthy seede of thaunent bloodes,

and beaten house of Troe.

O image of thy father loe,

thou lively bearest his face,

Thys countenaunce, see my Hector babb,

and even such was his pace.

The pitche of all his body sinck,

his handes thus would he bearre,

His shoulders bygh, his thressing bryng,

even such as thine they weare.

O sonne

# Troas

¶ Some: bogotte to late for Trope  
but borne to soone for me,

Whall euer tyme yet come againe  
and happy day may be.

That thou mayst once reuenge, and bulafe  
againe the townes of Trope,

End to the towne and Troians bothe  
restore theyr name with ioye:

But why do I forgetting state  
of present deseny,

No great thinges wylle: enough for cap-  
tives to liue onely.

This what pynge place is left:  
my little childe to hyde:

What seare so secret may be founde  
where thou mayst safetly bide:

The towne that with the walles of gold  
so valiaunt was of myght,

Through all the worlde so notable  
so flourishyng to sight,

Is turnde to dust: and haue hath all  
consumde that was in Trope,

Of all the towne not so much now  
is left to hyde the hope.

What place were best to choose for puplis  
the holly combe is heire,

That thennies sworde will spars to spoile  
where lyths my husbande deere.

Which costly worke hys father puplis  
kyng Dypame lyberall,

End it by raysde with cheynes great,  
for Hectoris funderall.

## of Seneca.

Herein the bones and ashes bothe  
of Hector loe they lye,  
West is that I commit the sonnes  
to hys fathers custodye.

I colde and fearefull swet both rounes,  
through out my membris all,  
Thus I carefull wchys do sente,  
what chaunce may the besall.

**S E N.** Hide him awy: this onely way  
hath saued many moze,  
To make the enemis to beleue,  
that they were deade before.  
He wilbe sought: scant any hope  
remaineth of safenes,  
The payse of his nobilitie  
doth hym so sore oppres.

**A R T U R.** What way were best to worke: that none  
our dounges might bewray?

**S E N.** Let none beare witnes what he dos  
remoue them all away.

**A R T U R.** What if the enemis aske me: wherre  
Ustanax doth remaine?

**S E N.** Then shall ye boldely answeere make  
that he in Troy was slaine.

**A R T U R.** What shall it helpe to haue hym byd?  
at length they will hym finde.

**S E N.** By first the enemis rage to furre  
delay doth slake hys mende.

**A R T U R.** But what presumption since free from fears  
we can hym never byde?

**S E N.** Let yet the wretchede take hys defens  
mone carles there to byde.

what

# Troas

**S A D R.** What lande unknowne out of the way  
what unfreighted place,  
May kepe thee safe? who aydes our sturt?  
who shall defende our case?  
**Hector.** Hector, that euermore  
thy frendes didst well defende,  
Now chiefly ayde thy wife and childe  
and vs some succour sende.  
**Take charge to kepe and couer close**  
the treasures of thy wife,  
**And in thy ashes hyde thy soon**  
preserue in tombe his life.  
**Draw neare my childe vnto the tombe**  
why fliest thou backward so?  
**Thou takest great scorne to lurke in dens**  
thy noble hart I knowe.  
**I see thou art alsaide to feare**  
shame of thy princely minde,  
**And bears thy brest as ther behoues**  
as chaunce hath thee allunde.  
**Beholde our case: and see what flocke**  
remayneth now of Troy  
**The tombe: I wodull capture what thy**  
and thou a sely boye.  
**But yct we must to lory fates**  
thy chaunce must breake thy brest,  
**Go to: creepe vnderneath, thy fa-**  
thers holy seates to reile.  
**I sought the fates, may iuertes helpe**  
thou hast thy sauergarde there.  
**If not: all ready then pale foole**  
thou hast thy sepulchre,

gen.

# of Seneca

SCA. The tombe hym clostlyp hydes but leſt  
your feare shold him betrappe,  
Let him here lye, and farre from hence,  
goe pe ſome other waye.

SWR. ¶ The les he ſteates that ſteates at hente  
and yet if nece be ſo,  
If ye thinkie meete a little hemis  
for ſafetie let vs go.

SCA. ¶ A little whyle hepe ſylence now  
reſtrayne pouer playnt and crepte,  
His curled ſooce now hytchet moues  
the lord of Cephalpe.

SA. ¶ Now open earth, and thou my ſpoule  
from Hytrent vp the grounde,  
Deepe in thy boſome hyde my ſonne,  
that he may not be founde.  
Ulysses comes with douthfull pace  
and chaunged countenaunce  
He knites in hart þuccethull craft  
for ſome more greuous chaunce.

ULP. ¶ Though I be made thonfesſor  
of heury newes to you,  
This one thing firſt I ſhall deſyue  
that ye take thys for true.  
That though the wordes com from my mouth,  
and I my message tell,  
Of trueth yet are they ſtormys  
ye may beleue me well.  
It is the woerde of all the Brethren  
and they the authours bee,  
Whom Vectors bloum ſeeketh alay  
theyr countreyes foſ to ſee.

D.L.

Out

# Troas

Our carefullnesse of peace durethe  
both syill the Greces detayne,  
And euermore our downfull feare,  
yet brayneth vs backe agayne.  
And frefhes not our wretched handes,  
our weapons to forsake,  
In chylde pet of Indromacha,  
Whyll Troians comfort take,  
**S. A.** ¶ Indomyth your Bugres Calchas for  
**W. P. M.** ¶ Though Calchas nothing sayde  
yet Hector telles it vs hymselfe,  
Of whos seide are we strayde.  
The woorthyn blood of noble men  
estimes we see it playne,  
Both after in theyr heires succerde  
and quickly spypges agaynt.  
For so the horcys ronging pet,  
of hygh and sturdy bese,  
With lokyng necke, and braunches hysme,  
both shortly rule the rest.  
The tender twig, that of the loppe,  
ped stocke both pet remayne,  
To matche the tree that bare the boone,  
in tyme startes vp agayne.  
With equal stoppes to somer wood,  
the rowme it both suppyre,  
And spreddes on soyle alowe the shade,  
to heauen hys braunches hyc.  
Thus of one sparke by thame pet left  
it happeneth so full oft.  
The fyre hath quickly caught hisfyr,  
and flamyng agayne aloft,

# of Seneca

No feare we yet least Hectoris blood,  
might rise ere it be long,  
Fear castes in all extremities  
and oft interprets wrong.

If ye respecke our case, ye may  
not blame these olde soldiars  
Though after yeres & monthes twise three,  
they feare againe the warre.

And other trauailes, threatening Troy,  
not yet to be well woon.

A great thing doth the Grecians moue,  
the feare of Hectoris soon.

Kyd vs of feare, thus stryveth our fleet,  
and pluckes their backe againe,  
And in the hauen our menis stiches,  
till Hectoris blood be slaine.

Count mee not feare for that by fates  
I Hectoris sonne require.

For I as well as chaunte it wouds  
Orches should desire.

But sime that nedes it must be so,  
bear it with pacient hart,

And suffre that which Tygament  
non, suffred in good part.

I A. Thus my childe would god thy werte,  
per in thy mothers hande.

And that I knewe what desirous,  
the heide, as in what lande.

For never shold the mothers hand  
her tender childe fraude.

Though through my breth the enimies all  
They cruell weapons stroake.

D.H.

201

# Troas

For though the Grecian, with pinching bandes  
of yron: my handes had bounde.

O; cis in seruent flame of fyre  
besette my body rounde.

But now my little chylde (poore wretche)  
alas where might he bee?

blas what cruel dastempe,  
what chauncell hath hapte to thee?

Art thou yet rangeing in the seeldes  
and wandrest therre abroide?

O; smothered cis in dusky smoke  
of Troy: o; oueritdee!

O; haue the Grecian theslayne alas  
and laught to set thy blode?

O; toyne art thou with Jamys of beasts  
or call to lowles for syde?

W.Ly. ¶ Dissemis me not hard as to thee  
Ulysses to discerne,

I can full well the mothers craftes  
and subteitie perceiue.

The policy of Goddesses,  
Ulysses hath vndoone,

Art all these sayned woordes alane,  
tell me where is thy sonn?

A.D.E. ¶ Where is Hector: where all the resse  
that had with Troy their falle?

Where Pyramus: younsse for one  
but I require of all.

W.Ly. ¶ Whou shalt constrepned be noted  
the thyng thou doost denye.

A.D.E. ¶ A happy chaunce war death, to her  
that doth deleyt to vpe,

W.Ly.

of Seneca.

ULY. Who most despys to bpe  
nest live when death draweth on,  
These noble wordes with present fears  
of death: would soone ha you.

ANTH. If ye will constraine  
Indomacha with feare,  
Threten my lyfe, soz now to bpe  
my chiese despysse it unare.

ULY. With stripes, with fire, tormenting dents,  
we will the trueth out wrest,  
And dolour shall thee force, to tell  
the secretes of thy breth,  
And what thy hart hath deepest lyd  
soz payne thou shalt expes  
Olymes the extremite penayles,  
much more then ientenes.

ANTH. Set me in midis of burning flamy,  
with woundes my body rent,  
Use all the meanes of crueltie,  
that ye may all invent,  
Drown me with thy self, and hunger both,  
and every torment trye,  
Pearce through my sides with burning pamps,  
in prison let me lye.

Space not the woost ye can devys  
(if ought be worse then this)  
ye never geat ye moore of me

I wot not where he is,

ULY. It is but vayne to bde the thing  
that straight ye will detecte,  
No fates may moue the mothers hart,  
She both them all neglecte.

# Treas.

This tender loue ye beare your childe,

wherin ye stande so stoute,

So muche more circumspectly warthe,

the Greeches to looke aboute.

Least after ten yeres trachre of time,

and battaile boorne so fette,

Some one should lise that an out chil-

dren, might renew the warre,

As for my selfe, what Calchas sayeth,

I would not feare at all.

But on Telemachus I heade,

the smarte of warres wouldefall.

Uly. Now will I make Ulysses gladde,

and all the Greeches asso,

Heedes must thou wofull wetch confesse,

declare thy hiden wo.

Reioyce ye soules of Treus;

there is no cause of dreo.

We glad Ulysses tell the Greeches,

that Hectoris sonne is ded.

Uly. Why what assurance prouest thou thow?

How shall we credite the?

Uly. What ever thing the enemis hand,

may threaten, hope to me

Let spedys fates me slaye southimur,

and eath me hide at ones,

And after death from tombe against,

remoue yet Hectors bones,

Except my son alreadp now,

do rest among the ded,

And that except Bisanar,

into his tombe be ten.

Uly.

# of Seneca.

W<sup>m</sup>. C Then folys are the fates fulfille  
with Spectors childes disease:  
How shall I bear the Gettians woode,  
of sure and certaine peace.  
Ulysses why what dood thou now?  
the Grecian will every chone,  
Believe thy wordes: whom creditis thou?  
the mothers tale alone.  
Dindist thou for sauageare of her chylde  
the mother will not her  
And dread the moare the wifes mischance,  
to grue her sonne to dyes  
Her faith she bindes with bondes of othe,  
the truthe to verifie,  
What thing is more of weight to feare,  
then so to swarte and lye?  
Now call thy craftes together all,  
desirre thy wits and minde,  
And show thy selfe Ulysses now,  
the truthe herin to finde.  
Search the well the mothers minde: beholde  
she weepes and waileth out,  
And here and there with dounfull pace,  
she rangeth all about.  
Her carefull cares she doth applye,  
to barkan what I say,  
Mostraide she seemes then snowfull,  
Now walke some wylps way.  
For now wost need of that thereto,  
and crafty policie,  
Get once againe by other meanes,  
I will the mother krie.

EDM.

Chas

# Troas

Thou wretched woman mayst say me,  
that dead he is: alas  
More bolefull death by destiny,  
for him decreed ther was.  
From Turrets top to have been cast  
and cruelly been slayne.  
Which only towne of all the rest,  
both yet in Troy remayne.

**M D B.** My spighte saith me, my limmes do quake,  
feare both my wittes confound,  
And as the yce congeales with frost,  
my blood with colde is bound.

**M y M.** The trembleth is this way, this way  
I will the truthe out wexe,  
The mothers feare detecteth all  
the secretes of her brest.  
I will renew her feare: god seare  
besyze ye spedely,  
To seke this enmy of the Grecians,  
where euer that he lye.

Well done, he will be found at length,  
go to, still seke hym out,  
Now shall he dye: what dost thou feare?  
whp dost thou looke about?  
**M D B.** Would god that any cause ther were,  
yet left that might me trap,  
My hart at last now all is lost,  
hath layde all feare away.

**M y M.** Gods that yow chylde now hath ye fay,  
already suffred death,  
And with his blood we may not purg  
the hostes as Calchas sayth.

**M y M.**

**M**

# of Seneca.

Our flete passe not (as well inspired,  
both Calchas prophecy)  
Tyll Hectors ashes cast abrode,  
The waues may pacify,  
And tombe be rent, now lins the bop  
hath scapt his destiny.  
Medes must we breake this holy tombe  
where Hectors ashes lye.  
**S&D W.** (What shall I do? my impud distre-  
red, is with doublet feare,  
On thone my sonne, on thother syde  
my husbandes ashes deare.  
Bias which part, should moue me most,  
the cruell goddes I call,  
To witness with me in the truth,  
and ghostes that guyde thee all.  
Hector, that nothing in my soon  
is els that pleaseth me,  
But thou alone; goddement him lyfe,  
he might resemble the.  
Whill Hectors ashes laymoned bee  
byde I such cruelty,  
To see hys bones cast in the seas?  
yet let Ilianae dye,  
And canst thou wretched mother byde,  
thine swone chyldes death to see?  
And suffre from thy hys towres top  
that heidlong thowme he be?  
I can, and will take in good part,  
his death and cruell Payne,  
So that my Spectre after death,  
be not remoued agayne.

R. E. C.

# Troas

The bope that life and sensess hathe  
may feele hys payne and dye,  
But Hector loe hys deathe hathe plaste,  
at rest in tombe to lye.

What doest thou say: determinye which  
thou wylt preserue of twayne.

But thou in double- fane thys: loe here  
thy Hector dothe remayne.

Dothe Hectors be, thone quich of spright  
and drawing toward hys strengthes  
And one that may perhaps reuenge  
hys fathers deathe at lengthe.

Thus I can not fane them bothe  
I thinke that best it weare.

That of the twayne I saued hym,  
that dothe the Grecians feare.

W L P. ¶ It shalbe done that Calchas woordes  
to vs dothe Prophecye,  
And nowe shall all thys sumptuous woordes  
be throwne downe vittery.

W A. ¶ That once ye solde: W L. ¶ I will it all  
from toppe to bottom rende

W A D R. ¶ The sayth of Goddes I call vpon  
Achilles vs defende.

And Pyrrhus ayde thy fathers ryght

W L P. ¶ Thys tombe abzode shall lye

W A D R. ¶ Omischief, never burst the Grecian  
showe yet suche cruckye.

Ye slayne the Temples, and the Goddes  
that moche haue fauourde you,

The deade ye spare not, on theys tombes  
your surfe tangeth now.

of Seneca.

I will theyr weapons all resist  
my scise wþt naked hande,  
The p̄e of harte shall ḡeue me strength,  
theyr armoure to withstande.  
As fierce as dyd the Iuniones  
beate downe the Grecches in fight,  
And Menas once enuyde with God,  
in sacryfice dothe smyght:  
With speare in hande, and while with fur-  
cious pace she treades the grounde,  
And woode as one in rage: she striketh  
and feelythe not the wounde:  
Ho wyl I come on midle of them  
and on theyr weapons dye,  
And in defence of Hectoris tombe,  
among hys allies lye.  
¶ L. 3. ¶ Cease ye þ bothe rage and fury daynes  
of woman moue ye ought,  
Dispatch with spedde what I comande,  
and plucke downe all to nouȝt.  
¶ M. D. R. ¶ Lay me rather here with sworde  
ridde me out of the waye,  
Breake vp the deepe Tuerne, and ryd  
my destenies delaye.  
¶ Ryle Hector, and byset thy foen  
bicause thou Ulysses p̄e,  
I spright arte good enough for hym,  
bchoide he catcheth syze.  
And weapon shakēs with mighty hands  
do ye not Grecches hym see?  
Oz cis bothe Hectoris spright appears  
but onely unto me:

Dolens

# Troas

Uly. Down quight withall. **M.** What will thou do,  
See both thy sonne be slayne,  
And after deat thy husbandes bones  
to be remoued againe?  
Perhaps thou mayst with prayer yet  
appeale the Grecians all,  
**G**is down to ground the holly tombe  
of Hector, straight shall fall.  
Let rather dye the chyld poore wretch  
and let the Grecies him kyl,  
Then father and the sonne should cause  
the tone the others yll.  
Ulysses, at thy knees I fall,  
and humbly aske mercy,  
These handes that no mans feete els knew,  
sprent at thy fete they lye,  
Take pitie on the mothers case,  
and sorowes of my breast,  
Touchsafe my prayars to receive,  
and graunt me my request.  
And by how much the more the goddes  
haue the aduaunced hym,  
More easely strike the poore estate,  
of wretched misery.  
God graunt the chalfe bed of thy god  
thy wyfe Penelope,  
May the receiuie, and so agayng  
Laetta may the see.  
And that thy sonne Telemachus,  
may mete thee toyfully,  
His graudfaders peres, and fathers witnes,  
so passe full happily.

## of Seneca:

Take pittie on the mothers teares,

her little child to saue,

He is my onely comfort left

and thonely ioy I have.

Act v. Bring forth the soune and aske.

## The second scene.

Andromache.

One hyther child out of thy den to me  
thy wretched mothers lamentable stroe,  
This pale Ulysses, loe this babe is he.  
that slayeth pour Ulysses, & leaveth you so faire.

Submit thy self my son with humble hand,  
and worship flatte on ground, thy maisters feete,  
Think it no shame, as now the case doth stand  
the thing that fortune with a wretch is mete,  
Forget thy worship flatte of kingly kyng,  
thinke not on Pyramis great nobuite,  
And put thy father Hector from thy mynd,

such as the festeredes thy stoume be,  
Behauie thy selfe as a poore, heud chydurst,  
and though thy pridewerke not thy tender peare,  
Yet learme to weape thy wretched state by me,  
and take ensample of thy mothers teares.

Once Troye hath seen the weeping of a thyre,  
When little Pyramis turned his heade thenselues,  
And he to whom all beastes in strengthe did reide,  
that made hys way from hell unto him they ganteren  
His little enimies teares yet outrageous,  
Pyramis (he said) receue thy libertie,

# Troas.

In seate of hono; keepe thy kingly name,  
but yet thy scepterous rule more saffifulllye.  
Loe such the conquest was of Hercules  
of him yet leare your hartes to mollisye.  
Do onely Hercules cruell weapons please  
and may no ende be of your crucylte?  
No lesse then Pyramus kneeles to ther this bry  
that lyeth and asketh onely life of thee.  
As for the rule and gouernance of Troy  
where ever fortune will there let it bee.  
Take mercy on the mothers ruthfull teares  
that with theyz streames my cheeke da overflosse  
And sparc thys grakys infants tender peynys  
that humbly fallich at thy stete so late.

## The thyrde sceane,

Vlysses. Andromacha.

Aphyanax



I treue the mothers greate sorow,  
dothe move my hart full sone.  
But yet the mothers of the Grecians,  
of neerde will move me more.  
To whom thys hope may cause mi tyng  
a greate calamytie.  
I A D R. I may ear he the burst rupnes  
of Troy veridise:  
Undeshill these handes in tyme to come,  
creche the towne agayns.  
If thys be thonely helpe we haue,  
there dothe no hope remayns

See Bay

## of Seneca

For Troy, we stand not now in case  
to cause your fears of mynde,  
Deth ought auaste hys father's force,  
or strok of noble hinde?

Hys father's batta abated was.  
he drawne the malles abought.

Thus euell hapys, the haughtiest hart  
at length they byng to nought.

If ye wul needes oppresse a wretchede  
what thyng more greevous were.

Then on hys noble necke he shoulde  
the poise of bondage beare?

To serue in lufe, both any man  
thys to a king denys:

Act v. Not Ulysses wylth hys death  
but Taichas Prophety

Act vi. O faire inuentor of duccyte  
and heynous cruceyce,

Wynmanhood of whose hand in waite,  
no man dyd euer dye.

But by duccyte and crachte trappe  
of mynde that mischeft scelles,

Before thys tyme full many one  
deadis is: ye of the Grecches.

The Prophets woordes and githest gods  
sayle thou my sonne requyre?

Slaye: mischeft of thy bretche it is  
thou booste hys death desye.

Thou night souldier, and thought of harts  
a littel chyse to slaye,

Thys enterpryse thou talkest alone  
and that by open daye.

Act v

# Troas

**Ulyss.** ¶ Ulysses makhode well to Grecian  
to much to you is knowne,  
I may not spend the tyme in wordes,  
our naup wil be gone.

**A. H.** ¶ A little itay, while I my last  
farewell geue to my chyld  
And haue with oft embrasing him,  
my gredy sorrowes sulde.

**Ulyss.** ¶ Thy gremous sorowes to redresse,  
would god it lay in me,  
But at thy will to take delaye  
of time, I graunt it thee.

Now take thy last leave of thy sonnes,  
and fill thy self with teates,  
Oft tymes the weyng of the eyes,  
the inward grief out weates.

**A. H. O. B.** ¶ O deere, o swete, thy mothers pledge,  
farewell my only joy,

Farewell the flowre of honour left  
of beaten house of Troy.

O Troians last calamities  
and feare to Grecians part

Farewell thy mothers only hope,  
and dayne comfort of hart.

Oft wylt I thee thy fathers strength,  
and half thy graudisyses peers,

But all for nought, the Goddes haue all  
dispoyned our desyres.

Thou never shal my regall court  
thy sceptors take in hand

No; to thy people gene decesses  
no; leade wuh law thy land.

# of Seneca.

Noz yet thyne enemys overcome  
by myght of handy stroke,

Noz sende the conquerd nacyons all  
vnder thy servyle poke.

Thou never shalt beats downe in figh特  
and Grecches with sworde putte we,  
Noz at thy Charpoi Pygmalius plucks  
as Ichylios Hector dews.

Ind never shall these tender handes  
thy weapons welde and wistle,

Thou never shalte in woddes pursas  
the wynde and mighty beastie.

Noz as acculomde is by guyse  
and sacryfice in Troye,  
With meaure stwaste: betwens the aula  
ters halte thou daunce with iope.

O greevous kynde of cruell deathe  
that dothe remayne so; ther,  
Moze wofull thyng then Hectors deathe  
the walles of Troye shall see.

W Lypg. Now breake of all thy mothers tendre  
I may no more tyme spende,

The greevous sorowes of thy herte  
will never make an ende.

W D W. Wlysses spare as yet my teares  
and graunte a whilte delays,

To cloise hys eyse yet with my hands  
ere he departe awaye.

Thou byell but yong: yet fearde thou artis  
thy Troy doth wayte for ther,

One noble hart thou shal agayns  
the noble Troians set.

G.L.

SACR.

# Todes

**I**D. **C**helpe me mother? **I**M. **C**Was my childe  
why takste thou holde by me?  
**I**n dayne thou calste where helpe none is  
I can not succoure thee.  
**I**s when the litle tender beaste  
that heares the Lyon crye,  
Strayght for descrece he seekes hys dam  
and crowching downe dothe lye.  
**T**he cruell beaste when once remo-  
ued is the dam awape,  
**I**n greedyn awe with rauening bit  
doth snatch the tender praye.  
**S**o straight the enemis will theetake  
and from my syde the Beare.  
Receyue my bissell and teares poore chylde  
receyue my rented hearte.  
**D**e parte thou hence now full of me  
and to thy fathur goe,  
**H**alute my Hector in my name  
and tell him of my woe.  
**C**omplayn thy n-others griefe to hym  
if former carres may moue,  
**T**he spryghies : and that in funerall flams  
they leese not all theyr loue.  
**O** crewel Hector suffre thou  
thy wife to be opprest?  
With bondes of Grecians heaup yohs  
and lyest thou still at rest?  
**I**chylles role stakke here agayne  
my teares and rented heart,  
**D**nd (all that I haue left to lende)  
thy bissell thy fathur beare.

## of Seneca.

Thy coate yet for my comforte  
the tombe hath touched it

If of hys ashes ought here lyce

I will seke it everywhit.

W.L.V. There is no measure of thy tears

I may no lenger stape

Deserte no farther out retorne

breake of our shippes delaye.

Chorus altered by the translatery.

O Ioue that leadest the lampes of fyre  
and deest with flamyng hautes the syr

Why is it euer thy desyre  
to care theye course so oderly?

That now the frost the leauess hath wome  
and now the spryng dothe cloath the tree,

Now syzy Leo ryppes the Corne  
and still the soyle shoule changed be?

But why arte thou that all doost guide  
betwene whose handes the poales do sways

And at whose will the Oyses do slide  
carles of mans estate alwaye?

Regarding not the good mans case,  
nor caring how to hurte the ill

Chaunce beareth rule in every place,  
and turneth mans estate at will.

She gesues the wrong the upper hande  
the better parte she dothe oppresse,

She makes the highest lowe to hande  
her kyngdome all is oderless.

O partie prooef of her traytis,  
she princely towres of Troye bet downe

C.ii.

## Tcoas

The floure of Ilyshere pe ses  
with turne of hande quight overthowme  
The ruthfull ende of Hectoris sonne  
whome to his death the Grecches haue led  
Hys fatale houre is come and gonne  
and by thys tyme the childe is ded  
Yet still alas more cares increase,  
o Troians dolefull deslasse,  
fall dorthe appioche the maydes decaſt  
and now Polyxena ſhall dyte.

## The fourth ackte.

*Helena. Andromacha.*

*Hecuba.*



What euer wofull weddng pet,  
were caufe of funerall.  
Of waitng, ſtepes, blood, slaughter cl  
or other miſchiefs all,  
I worthy marche foſt Helena,  
and meete foſt me iſ warre,  
My weddng torche hath byn the caufc,  
of all the Troians care.

I am constrainde to hurt them pet,  
after their ouerthowme  
The falſe and fained mariages,  
of Myrthus muſt I ſhowe.  
And geue the maide the Grecches attir  
and by my policie,  
Shall Harys ſister be betraſte,  
and by her ſelfe ſhall dyte.

## of Seneneca.

But let her be beguiled thus,  
the les should be her paine  
If that unware, without the feare  
of death: she myght be flaine.  
What causest thou the will of Grecches,  
and message to fulfile?  
Of herte constrainde the frute returnyfis  
to thanthor of the ill.  
O noble virgin of the fau-  
mous houise: and stocke of Troy,  
To ther, the Grecians haue me sent  
I bring the newes of ioy.  
The gods rae on thy afflicted state,  
more mercifull they be,  
A great and happy mariage lot,  
they haue preparede for the.  
Thou never shouldest if Troy had stooode,  
so nobly wedded be,  
Nor Briam neuer could prechire,  
the to so hye degree.  
Whom flowre of all the Grecian name,  
the prince of honour hongur hit,  
That beares the scripters ouer all,  
The lande of Thessallie,  
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose  
and for his wife require,  
To sacred rig'nes of lawfull bed,  
both Myrthus thee desire  
Loe Thessals great with all the rest,  
of gods that guide by sea,  
The one shall thy account as thyself,  
and ioy by weddung bea.

## Tcoas

The floure of Ilys here ye see  
with turne of hande quight overthowme  
The ruthfull ende of Hectors sonne  
whome to his death the Grecches haue led  
Ilys ffor all honore is come and gonne  
and by thys tyme the childe is ded  
Yet still alas more care increase,  
o Troians bolefull deslaze,  
Fist dothe approche the maydes decafe  
and now Polyxena shall dye.

## The fourth ackte.

*Helena. Andromacha.*

*Hecuba.*

  
What euer wofull weddng pet,  
were cause of funerall,  
Of watling, scates, blood, slaughter all,  
Or other mischiefe all,  
I worthy matche for Helena,  
and meete for me is were,  
My weddng torche hath byn the caulk,  
of all the Troians care.

I am constrainde to hurt them pet,  
after their ouerthowme  
The false and fained mariages,  
of Pyrrhus must I shewe.  
And geue the maide the Grecches attire  
and by my policie,  
Whall Parrys fuster be betraide,  
and by dulces shall dye.

of Seneca.

But let her be beguiled thus,  
the lies shoulde be her paine  
If that bewart, without the feare  
of death: she myght be flame.  
What ceasest thou the will of Grecianes,  
and message to ffullif?/  
Of hurt constrainde the foute returnyf  
to thaþhos of the ill.  
O noble virgin of the fam  
ous houle: and stocke of Troy,  
To ther, the Grecians haue me sent  
I bring the newes of ioy.  
The gods rue on thy afflucted state,  
more mercifull they be,  
A great and happy mariage ioe,  
they haue preparede for the.  
Thou never shouldest if Troy had froode,  
so nobly wedded be,  
Nor Iwaine never could prefere,  
the to so hys degree.  
Whom flowre of all the Grecian name,  
the prince of honour hongur hit,  
What beares the scepter over all,  
The lande of Thessalie,  
Deth in the law of wedlocke chose  
and for his wif require,  
To sacred rig' tes of lawfull bed,  
both myrthous thee desire  
Loe Thetys great with all the rest,  
of gods that guide by sea,  
One shall thee account as thyss,  
and ioy by wedding de.

# Troas

And Helen shall thee daughter call  
when thou arte Pyrrhus wife,  
And Mercur shall accoues the chys  
the spacc of all thy life.  
Out of thy mourning garners now,  
thy regall vesture weare  
Forget heaforth thy captiue state,  
and semely bryde thy heare.  
Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp,  
and doth thee more aduantage,  
Oft to be taken in the warre,  
doth bring the better chaunce.  
**N.** This ill the Troians never knew  
in all their grices and paine,  
Before this time pe never made,  
vs to reioyce in vaine.  
Troye towres geue light, o semely tyme  
for mariage to be made  
Who woulde refuse the wedding dape  
that Helayne dothe perswade?  
The plague and Ruine of eche partie  
 beholde doste thou not see,  
These tombes of noble men: and how  
they boanes here scattered bee.  
Thy bryde bed hath bene cause of thys  
for thee all these be ded,  
For thee the blood of Alspa bothe  
and Europe hath bene shed.  
When thou in ioy and pleasure bothe  
the fighting soike from satte,  
Hast deude: in doubt to whom to wifte  
the glori of the warre.

# of Seneneca.

Go to prepare the mariage  
what neede the torchis light?  
Be holde the towres of Troy do shyne  
with brandes that blase full bright.  
O Troians all set to your handes,  
thys wedlocke celebrate:  
Lament thys day with mosfull cry  
and teares in seemly rate.

**H E L C.** Though care do cause the want of will  
and reasons rule denye,  
And heavy hap dothe oftmes hate  
hys mates in myctye,  
yet I before moske hatefall iudge  
dare well defende my parte,  
That I of all your grievous cares  
sustayne the greatest smarte.  
Endiomacha soz Hector weepas,  
soz Hecuba,  
For onely Parys prudel  
bewypleth Helena.  
A harde and gerasious thing it is  
captiuic to beate,  
In Troy that yoke I suffered long  
a prisoner whole ten yeare.  
Turnde are the fates, Troy benten downe,  
to Greece I must repeare,  
The native countrey to haue loste  
is ill but wooste to feare.  
For dreade therof you neche not care  
your euilles all be pale,  
On me both partes will penaunce take  
all lightes to me at laist.

C. III.

Whom

# Troas

Whom eche man by soner taken God wot  
the standes in slipper stye,

End me not captiu made by lotte  
yet Parys led awaie

I haue bens cause of all these wraynes  
and then poure woes ware wrought,  
When synt your shippes the Spartane seas  
and land of Grecia sought.

But if the Goddessesse wade it so  
that I theyr praye shoule be,  
And for rewarde to her beautyes iudge  
she had appoynted me,

Then pardon Marys: thinke thys thyng  
in wrathfull iudge dothe lye,  
The sentence Menelaus giveth  
and he thy casse shall trye.

Now turne thy plauantes Andromache,  
and weape for Polyxene,  
mine eyen for sorowes of my hart,  
thy teares may not refreyne.

W. C. Was what care makes Heleyne weyper  
What griefe doth she lament?

Declare what craftes Whiles castes,  
what mischief hath he sente

Shall she from heught of Idey hill  
be hedlong tombled downer?

O; eis out of the turrets toppe  
in Troy, shall she be throwner?

O; well they cast her from the climes,  
into Hngeon scaies!

In bottome of the surging wawes,  
to end her ruthfull daies!

# of Seneca.

What the countenance bides, & tell  
the secretes of thy brest:

Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are  
farre worse then all the rest.

Come to, geue sentence on the mayde,  
pronounce her deserte:

Deuide no longer our mishaps,  
we are prepared to dye.

Act. I. Q. Would god therewander of the gods  
would geue his come so right:

That I alio on poynt of swerde  
myght leese the lochsome light.

O; at Achilles tombe, with stroke  
of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:

And beare a part of all thy fates

O wretched Polyxene.

Whom per Achilles woorth to wed,  
and where his asbes lie,

Requireth that thy blood be shed,  
and at his tombe to die.

Act. II. Q. Beholde we, how her noble minde  
of death both gladly heare,

She decks her selfe her regall weedes,  
in semely wise to weare,

And to her head she setteth her hande,  
the blouded heare to lay,

To wed the thought it deeth: to dye,  
she thinkes a wedding day.

But helpe, alas, my mother fowndes,  
to heare her daughters death,

Brise: pinche up your hart and take,  
against the panting heath).

Glasse

# Troas.

Black good mother how fleader day,  
that doth thy life sustaine?

A little thing shall happy thee.  
thou arte almost past thy payne.

Her brethe returnes she doth revive,  
her limmes their life do take.

So se when wretches faine would die,  
how death doth them forsake.

¶ E C. (6) Doth yet Achilles pine alad,  
to worke the Troians spight?

Doth he rebell agaynst vs pece,  
O hande of Parys light.

The very tombe and asthes iot,  
yet thistleth for our blood.

A happy heape of chidren jate,  
on every side me stood.

It werryed me to deale the mō  
thers kisse among them all

The rest are lost and this alone,  
now doth me mother call.

Thou only childe of Hecuba,  
a comfort left to mee,

A fayer of my sooy state,  
and shall I now leese thee?

Departe O wretched soule, and from  
this carefull carcass fye,

And easie me of such ruthfull fates,  
to se my daughtēr dye.

My weeping wettēs, alas my eyen,  
and stains them ouer all,

And down my cheekeyn the sodein streames  
and shewres of teares do fall.

¶ E C.

## of Seneca.

But thou bery daughter mylly be gladded and dog indes  
Cassandria woulde reioyce, or wel think of assurayre vs  
Or hecours wif thus wed to bee  
if they might haue theyr choyce.  
**I. H.** We are the ~~worthis~~ **Decays**,  
in curled case we stande,  
Whom strayght the shipp shall tosse by ~~sea~~  
into a foreme lande.  
But as for Helcyns grieues be gone  
and turned to the best,  
She shall agayne her natins com-  
try see; and ihus at rest.

**D E L C.** (Ye would the more eare my straunge  
if ye might knowe your owne,      & I ame your selfe  
**J H.** (And graue he there yett more gracie to me,  
that erthe I haue not knowne,      & I ame your selfe  
**D E L C.** Much maister mustye serue his bothe lordys,      &  
by chaunce of lotts besall      & I ame your selfe  
**J H D R.** Whose seruent am I then? whom am I then  
whome shall I maister call?      & I ame your selfe  
**D E L C.** (To iuste yf fallen godnesse      & I ame your selfe  
you are bys pyrsoner.      & I ame your selfe

**S R D E R.** *C*allimachus is happye: butt since  
perhaps and Phebus her.  
**H E L C.** *C*hef king of Greeks Callimachus bespok  
and hys captive is shee  
**H E C.** *C*an any one among them all  
that pyloner woulde haue me?  
**H E L C.** *C*you channell to Ulysses art  
hys may ye are become.  
**H E C.** *C*Now what cruell, dyre and yres  
full dealest of the dome.

卷之三

# Troas

Ind Peleus shall thee daughter call,  
when thou arte Pyrrhus wife.

Ind Peleus shall account thee hym  
the space of all thy life.

Put of thy mourning garment now,  
thys regall bresture weare

Forget heaceforth thy captiye state,  
and semely bryde thy heate.

Thy fall hath lifte thee higher vp,  
and doth thee more aduance,

Oft to be taken in the warre,  
doth bring the better chaunce.

**B R.** This ill the Troians never knew  
in all their grieses and paine,  
Before this tyme ye never made,  
vs to reioyce in vaine.

Troye towres geue light, o semely tyme  
for mariage to be made

Who woulde refuse the wedding daye  
that Helayne dothe perswade?

The Plague and Ruine of eche parte  
 beholde doske thou not see,

These tombes of noble men: and how  
theyr boances here scattered bee!

Thy bryde bed hath bene cause of thys  
for thee all these be ded,

For thee the blood of Aspa bothe  
and Europe hath bene shed.

When thou in ioy and pleasure bothe  
the fighting noise from farre,

Haste deude: in doubt to whom to wishe  
the glori of the warre.

of Seneneca.

Go to prepare the mariage  
what neede the torchis light?  
Be holde the towres of Troy do shyne  
with brandes that blase full bright.  
O Troians all set to your handes,  
thys wedlocke celebrate:  
Lament thys day with wosfull cry  
and teates in seemly rate.  
**H E L C.** Though care do cause the want of will  
and reasons rule denye,  
And heauy hap dothe oftmes hate  
hys mates in mycrys,  
Yet I before moche hatel all iudge  
dare well defende my parte,  
That I of all your grievous cares  
sustayne the greatest sinarte.  
And zomacha lor Hector weepes,  
so; Diame Hecuba,  
For onely Parys priuely  
bewapleth Helena.  
A harde and grievous thing it is  
captiuallie to beate,  
In Troy that yoke I suffred long  
a prisoner whole ten yeaire.  
Turnde are the fates, Troy beaten downe,  
to Greece I must repeare,  
The native countrey to haue loste  
is ill, but woorse to feare.  
For dreade thereof yow neede not care  
your euilles all be paste,  
On me both partes will vengeaunce take  
all lightes to me at laste.

C.iii.

Whom

# Troas

Whom eche man pypsoner takes God wot  
she standes in slipper stye,

Ind me not capture made by lotte  
yet Parys led awaye

I haue bene cause of all these warres  
and then your woes were wrought,  
When foul yowr shippes the Sparten seas  
and land of Grecia sought.

But if the Goddess wilde it so  
that I theyr praye shoulde be,  
Ind for rewarde to her beautyes iudge  
she had appoynted me,

Then pardon Parys : thinke thyng  
in wrathfull iudge dothe lye,

The sentence Menelaus geues  
and he thyng case shall trye.

Now turne thy plaintes Indromacha,  
and wepe for Polyxene,  
mine yes for sorowes of my harr,  
thyng teares may not resteyne.

Si. Q. What care makes Heleyn weyf  
What griesse doth she lament?

Declare what craftes Ulisses castes,  
what mischierf hath he sente

Shall she from heyght of Idey hill  
be hedlong tombled downe?

Oz els out of the turrets toppe  
in Troy, shall she be thowne?

Oz will they cast her from the cities,  
into Hyldeen lenes?

In boordome of the surging waues,  
to ende her ruthfull dayes?

Abbow

## of Seneca.

Show what thy countenance hides, & tell  
the secretes of thy brest:

Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are  
farre worse then all the rest.

Go to, geue sentence on the mayde,  
pronounce her desenyte:

Delude no lenger our mishaps,  
we are preparde to dye.

¶ L. ¶ Would god therpounder of the gods  
would geue his come so right:

That I alio on poynt of sworde  
myght leese the lothsome light.

O at Achilles tombe, with stroke  
of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:

And beare a part of all thy fates  
O wretched Polyxene.

Whom per Achiles woorth to wed,  
and where his ashen lie,

Requirreth that thy blood be shed,  
and at his tombe to dic.

¶ R. ¶ Beholde Ioe, how her noble minds  
of death doth gladly heare,

She decks her selfe her regall weedes,  
in semely wise to weare,

And to her hed she setteth her hande,  
the bryded heare to lay,

To wed she thought it death: to dye,  
she thinkes a wedding day.

But helpe, alas, my mother sorowdes,  
to heare her daughters death,

Brise: plucke vp your hart and take,  
againe the panting brest.

¶ Gladys

# Troas.

**T**hank good mother how slender slay,  
that doth thy life sustaine?

**T**hank little thing shall happy thee,  
thou arte almost past thy paine.

**M**er brethe returnes she doth reueue,  
her lunnes their life do take.

**H**o se when wretches faine would die,  
how death doth them forsake.

**H**E C. **D**oth yet Achilles kne alaſſ,  
to worke the Troians spight?

**D**oth he rebell agaynst vs yet?  
O hande of Patro light.

**T**he verry tombe and ashes loſt,  
yet thirſteth for our blood.

**T**happys heape of chidren iate,  
on every ſide me stood.

**I**t worried me to deale the mo-  
thers hille among them all

**T**he rest are loſt and thiſ alone,  
now doth me mother call.

**T**hou only childe of Hecuba,  
a comfort left to mee.

**T**he ſlayer of my ſory ſtate,  
and ſhall I now leele thee?

**D**e parte O wretched ſoule, and from  
this carefull carcas flye,

**A**nd eaſe me of ſuch ruthfull ſates,  
to ſe my daughter dye.

**M**y weeping wettes alaſſ my eyes,  
and ſaines them ouer all,

**T**rud down my cheekes the ſodein ſreames  
and ſhoweres of teated doſall.

of Seneca.

But thou dere daughter mayst be gladdes

Cassandra woulde reioyce,

O Hectoris wife thus wed to bee  
if they might haue theyz choicer.

H. We are the wretchedis Decuba  
in curled case we stande,

Whom strayght the shipp shall tosse by seas  
into a foreyne lande.

But as for Helcyns grieues be gone  
and turned to the best,

She shall agayne her native con-  
try see: and liue at rest.

H E L C. Ye woulde the more envy my state  
if ye myght knowe your owne,

I A. And grouthe there yet more griefe to me  
that celle I haue not knowne:

H E L C. Such maisters mustys serue as doth  
by chaunce of lotts befall

I A D R. Whose servant am I then become  
whome shall I maister call:

H E L C. By lotte ye fall to Pythons handes  
you are hys prisyoner.

I A D R. Cassandra is happye: fury fancies  
perhaps and Shebus her.

H E L C. Cheke king of Greces Cassandra keepes  
and hys captiue is shee

H E C. Is any one among them all  
that prisyoner woulde haue me?

H E L C. You chaunised to Ulysses art  
hys prayse are become.

H E C. Has what cruell, dyre and pre-  
full deale of the done.

What

# Trois

What god vnifieth doth so deuise,  
the captives to their lordes?  
What greevous arbitre is he?  
that to such choyse accordes.  
What cruell hand to wretched folke,  
so euill fates hath caste?  
Who hath among Achilles ar-  
mour, Hectors mother plaste?  
How am I captive and beset,  
with all calamites.  
My bondage greeues me not, but hym  
to serue it shameth mee.  
He that Achilles spoiles hath woon,  
shall Hectors also haue:  
Shall barratine lande enclosde with seas,  
recepue my boanes in graue?  
Leade me Ulysses whete thou wilt,  
leade me, I make no stay,  
My matther I, and me my fates,  
shall follow euery way.  
Let never calme come to the seas,  
but let them rage with windes,  
Come fire and sword, myne own mischafice  
and Pyramus let me finde.  
In meane time haps this deepe distres  
my cares can know no calme:  
I ran the race with Pyramus  
but he hath woon the Palme.  
But Pyrrhus comes with swiftened pace  
and threfting browes doth wwest.  
What slayest thou Pyrrhus? strike thy swoarde  
now through this wofull brest.

## of Seneca.

And both at ones the parents of  
thy fathers wypfe now slay,  
Murderer of age, iþkes thee her blodde  
he draweth my daughter awaie.  
Defile the gods and staine the sprightes,  
of hell with slaughtered blood,  
To aske your mercye what auayles?  
our praieris do no good.  
The vengeaunce aske I on your shippis,  
that if the gods may pleas,  
According to this sacrifice,  
to guide you on the seas.  
This wilbe I to your thousand sayles,  
Gods wrath light on them all,  
Even to the ship that beareth me,  
what euer maybefall.

### Chorus.

A Comforst is to mans calamities  
A dolefull flocke of felowes in distres.  
And swete to him that moournes in miseri:  
To heare them waple whom sozowes like oppre.  
In depeſt care his grieſe him bytes the les,  
That his estate bewailes not all alone,  
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For ſtill it iſ the cheſt delight in woe,  
And ioy of them that ſonke in ſorrowes are,  
To ſee lyke fates byfall to many moe,  
That may take parte of all their wofull fare.  
And not alone to be opprefte with care.  
There iſ no wight: of woe that doth complaynes,  
When al the reſt do like muſchaunce ſuffaine.

## Troas

In all this world if happy man were none,  
None (though he were) would think hymself a wretche,  
Let once the ryche with heapes of gold be gone,  
whose hundred hed his pastours ouerretche,  
Then would the poore mans hart begyn to stretche  
There is no wretche whose lyfe him doth displease  
But in respect of thole that live at ease.

Swete is to hym that standes in depe distres,  
To see no man in ioyfull plignt to be,  
Whose only vessell, wynd and waue oppres,  
Full sore hys chaunce bewayles and wepereth he,  
That with his owne none others wracke doth se  
When he alone maketh shipwrak on the sande  
And naked falleth to long desyzed lande.

I thousand sayle who seeth to drenche in seas  
With better will the stormie hath ouerpast  
His heaup hap doth him the lesse displease,  
When boken boardeis abrode be many cast  
And shippwrackt shippes to shore they flit full fast,  
With doubled waues when stopped is the flood,  
With heape of them that there haue lost theyr good.

Full sore dyd Phryrus Hellens losse complayne,  
What tyme the leader of hys flocke of shepe,  
Upon hys backe alone he bare them swayne,  
And wet hys golden lockes amy'd the depe.  
In pitous playnt alas he gan to wepe  
At he death of het it dyd hym depe displease,  
That shippwrak made amy'd the drenchyng seas.

## of Seneca.

And pitous was the playnt and heauy moode  
Of wofull Pyrrha and eke Deucalion,  
That nought behelde about them but the floode,  
When they of all mankynde were left alone  
Amyd the seas full soze they made theyr mone  
To see themselves thus left alye in woe  
When neyther land they saw nor fellowes moe.

From these playnts, and Troianes teates shall quafle;  
And here and there the shyppe shallesesse by seas  
When trempcis iounde shall warne to hoyle tƿ poynt  
And through the waues with wynd to seke theyr wayes;  
Then shall these captives goe to ende theyr dayes  
In land vñknowne: when once with hasty ore  
The drenching depe they take and shonne the shope.

What state of rynde shall then in wretches be,  
When shire shall synke from syght and seas aryste  
When I dey hylt to lurke aloose they see?  
Then poynt with haſd from farre where Troa lyte,  
Shall chyld and mother talking in thys wyte:  
Loe vnder Troe, where smote it sumerh hpe,  
By this the Troianes shall theyr countrey lope.

### I he fift acte.

Messenger. *Andromacha.*

*Hecuba.*

**O** Dyre fierce, wretched, horrible,  
o cruel fates accutile,  
O! Mars hys ley feres bloodshed bloures.  
the wofulst end the wortste,  
A sag whiche I could I syll bewaile  
thy care Andromacha!

*Ope 13*

# Troas

**D**Y the lament the wretched age  
of wofull Menabas?

**M**CC What euer amys calamities  
ye wayle for miche it is

**I** bear the smart of all their woes,  
eche other feeleþ but hys.

**W**ho euer he, I am the wretche  
all happenes to me at last.

**M**CE S. Slaine is the mayde, and from the walles  
of Troy: the childe is cast.

**F**ut both, (as them became) they tolde  
their death, with stomack stout.

**S**AD. Declare the double slaughter then,  
and tell the whole throughout.

**M**CE S. One towre of all the rest þe knowe,  
both yet in Troy remaine,

Where Þrpan wonted was to sit,  
and bwe the armes swaine.

His little Nephewe cle with him  
to leade and from a farre,

His fathers fightes with syre and swoonde  
to shewe, and scates of warre.

**C**his towre, somtyme well knowne by fame,  
and Troians honoꝝ most.

**I**n now with captaines of the Grecches,  
beset on ecury coaste.

With swift recourse and from the shippes,  
in clustred heapes anone.

Both tagge and ragge, they come to gafe,  
what thing shold there be done.

**H**ome come the hilles, to seek a place,  
where they might set it best.

books

## of Seneca

Home on the rockes a tiptoe stande,  
to outlooke the rest.  
Home on theyz temples weare the Pyne,  
some beeche, some crownes of baye,  
For garlandes zone is every tree,  
that standeth in theyz waye.  
Home from the highest mountaynes top,  
aloose beholdeth all  
Home scale the buyldings halfe yburnte,  
and some the rynous wall  
ye some thereware (o mischiefe lor)  
that soz the moze delvyght,  
The tombe of Vercor litters vpon,  
beholders of the sight.  
With prynceely pace Ulysses then,  
past through the preasyd bands  
Of Grekes, kyng Dryames little son  
phew, leadyng by the hande.  
The chylde with vntrepinting gate  
past through hys crumpes handes,  
Up toward the walles, and as anone  
in turrets top he standes,  
From thence adowne, hys lostye looked  
he cast on euery parte,  
The neerer death moxestree from cars  
he seemde, and feare of harte.  
Impyd hys foes, hys stomake swelles,  
and fierce he was to syght,  
Like Tygers whiche that cheats in vaine  
with toothless chap to bygght,  
blas, for pitte then sche one,  
lay on hys tender peaces,

## Troas

And all the towte that present were,  
for him they shed theyz teares.  
Pea not Ulysses them restraynde,  
but tricklyng downe they fall,  
And onely he, wept not, (poore foole,)  
whome they bewayled all.

But whyle on Gods Ulysses callde,  
and Calchas woordes expounde,  
In midste of Pyrames land alas,  
the childe leapt downe to grounde.

**M.** What crewell Colchus coulde o; scythes  
such slaughter take in hande?

O; by the shore of Caspian sea,  
what barbarous lawles lande?

Busyrides to thaulters yet,  
no infantes bloude hath shed:

No; never yet were children slayne,  
for feaste of Dyomed.

Who shall alas in tombe thee lye,  
o; hyde thy limmes againe?

**M E H.** What lymmes stō such a hedlong fall,  
coulde in a chylde remayne?

Hys bodies payse, thowne downe to grou nde,  
hathe battrred all hys boanes,

Hys face, hys noble fathers markes,  
are spoyld agaynst the stonnes.

Hys necke vnioyned is: hys hed  
so dashte with flint stone stroake,

That scattered is the brayne aboute,  
the sculle is all to broake.

Thus lieth he now dismembered corpes,  
desydme, and all to rent.

of Seneca.

**S** A D E. Loe herein doth he yet likewise,  
hys father represent.

**M** C H. What tyme the chylde, had hedlong faine  
thus from the walles of Troye,  
And all the Greces them selues betwaylde,  
the slaughter of the boye,  
Yet streight returne they backe, and at

Achilles tombe agayne  
The second mischiefe gse to woorkie,

the deathe of Polyxene  
This tombe the waues of surging seas,  
beset the biter syde,

The other parte the feeldes encloase  
aboute , and pastours wyde.

In vale enuyzoned with hilles,  
that rounde aboute do ryse,

A sloape on heyght erected are  
the bankes, in theater wyse.

By all the shore then swarne the Greces,  
and thyck on heapes they prease:

Some hoape that by her death , they shall  
theyz shippes delay release.

Some other ioye,theyz enimies stroke  
thus beaten downe to bee:

A greate parte of the people, bothe  
the slaughter hate and see.

The Troians eke, no lesse frequent  
theyz owne calamyties,

And all astrayde, behelde the last  
of all theyz myseryes.

When syrste procedyd torches bygynge  
as guise of wedlock is.

## Troas

And all the rowte that present were,  
for him they shed they; teares.

Pea not ——— other reference

but tr

And oni

whom

But wh

and C

In mid

the ch

A R.

such fl

O; by t

what

Wusy;

no mi

No; ne

for se

Who sh

o; by

M C;

coul

Hys b

hathe battred all hys boanes,

Hys face, hys noble fathers warres,

are spoyldc agaynst the stoness.

Hys necke vniouynted is: hys hed

so dashte with flint stone stroake,

That scattered is the brayne aboute,

the scullie is all to broake.

Thus lieth he now dismembyed Corpse,

desyndre, and all to rymt.

# FOXING

Let.

of Seneca.

I H D B. Loe herein doth he yet likewise.  
hys father repesent.

W C H. What tyme the chylde, had led long faine  
thus from the walles of Trope,  
ues bewaynde,

is, and at

wooke,

ving seas,

encloase

De.

iss,

ice

se.

ie the Grecies.

ascale:

ath , they shall

se.

ues stroke

??

le, bothe

A great ympe...  
the slaughter hate and see.

I h: Troians che, no lesse frequent  
theyz owne calamities,

And all affrayde, behelde the last  
of all theyz myseryes.

When syrte procedyd torches bygght  
as guise of wedlock w.

f. n.

208

# Troas

And author therof led the way  
the lady Tyndaris.

Much wedlocke (pray the Troians then)  
god send Merimona.

And would god to her husband so,  
rescorde were Helena.

Feare masde eche parre, but Polyxene,  
her bashefull looke downe cast:

And more then erste her gyltting cycs,  
and beawty shynde at last.

Is sweetest scemes then Uhebus light,  
when downe his beames do sway,  
When Barres agayne, with night at hand,  
oppresse the doutfull day.

I stonied much the people were,  
and all, they her commende.

And nowe much more then ever carle,  
they prayse her, at her ende.

Some with her beauty moued were,  
some with her tender yeates:

Goone to behold the turnes of chaunce,  
and how eche thyng thus weares.

But most them moues her valiant mynd,  
and losly stonake hys,

So strong, so stout, so ready of heart,  
and well preparde to dye.

Thus passc they furth, and bolde, before  
kyng Pyrrhus gothe the mayde,

They pittie her, they meruell her,  
theyz heartes wer all astrayde.

To soone as then, the hard hyll top,  
(wher dye she shold) they trode,

2nd

# of Seneca.

End hys byppon his fathars tombe,  
the youthfull Pyrrhus stode.  
The manly mayde she never shronke,  
one foote, noȝ backwarde drewe  
But boldely turnes to meete the stroke,  
wih floute vndchaged he've  
Her corage moues rche one, and los  
a strange thing monstrouse lyke,  
That Pyrrhus euen himself stooide stylle,  
so: dreade, and durst not stryke,  
But as he had, his glittering sworde,  
in her to hiltis vp doon,  
The purple blood, at mostall wounde,  
then gushing out it sooon.  
He yet her corage her forlooke,  
when dyeng in that stownde,  
She fell as therthe shold her renenge,  
with treful rage to grownde.  
Eche people wept: the Troians fyft,  
with preciye fearefull tyme,  
The Grecians eke, eche one bewayldes,  
her death, apparantly.  
This order had the sacrifice,  
her blood the tombe vp droonke,  
No drop remayneth aboue the grounde,  
but downe forthe with it soone.  
**Hec.** Now go, now go ye Greces, & now,  
repayre ye lassellie home.  
With careles shippes, and boyled sayles,  
Now cut the salt sea fome.  
The childe and virgin, both be slaine,  
your battelskyng are.

# Troas

Wher shall I end my age?  
Or whether beare my care?

Shall I my daughter, or my ne-  
phew, or my husband mone?  
My contrey cis, or all at once?  
Or cis my selfe alone?

My wylle is deathe, that children both  
and virgins fiersly takes  
Where cuer crewell death dothe hastes  
to stynke, it me forsakes.

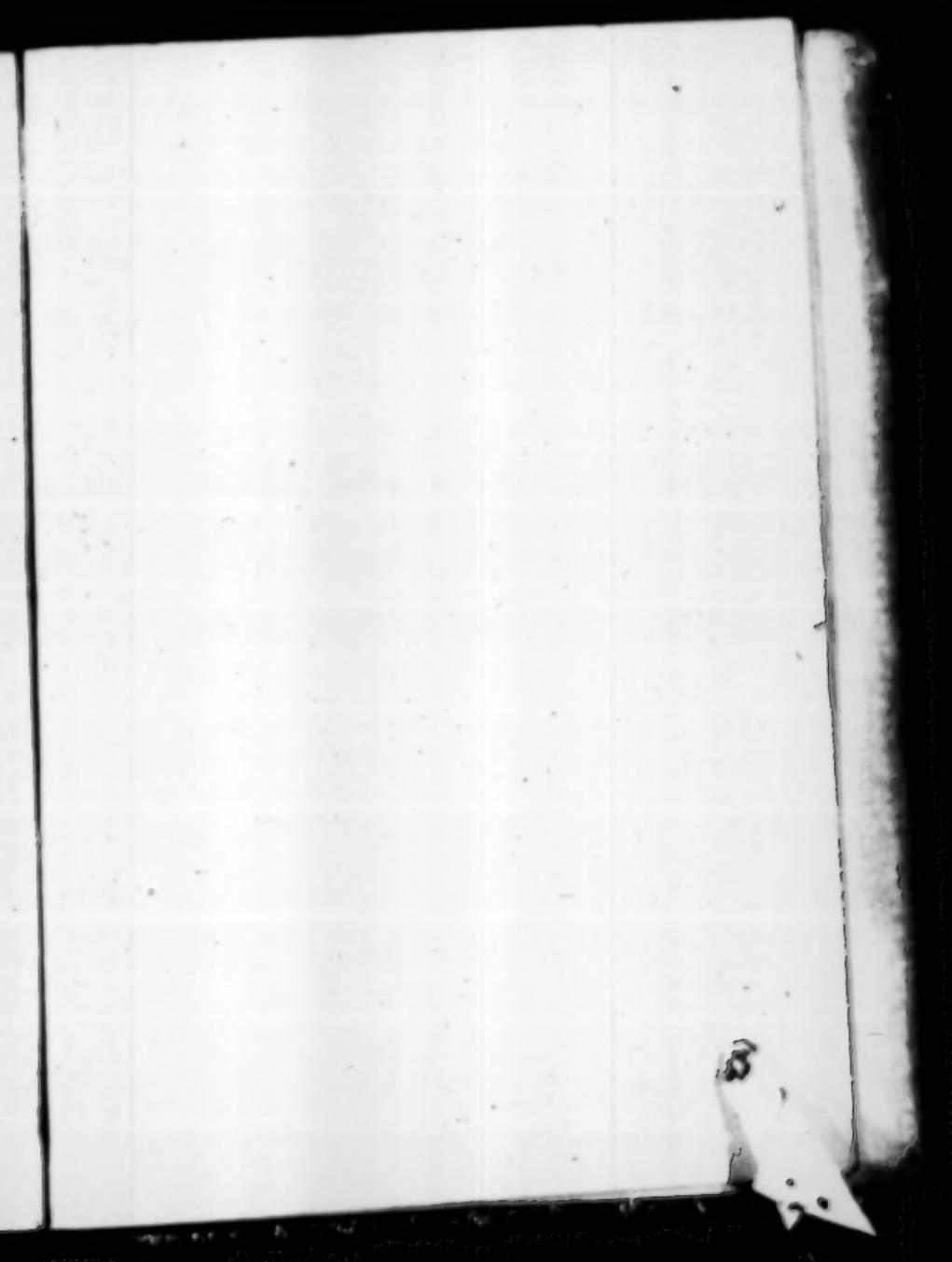
I myd the ennies weapons all,  
amyd bothe sworde and fyre,  
All night sought sor, thou fleshe from me,  
that do thee moste desyre.

Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre,  
nor cruell ennipes hande,  
Math ryd my life: how neare alas,  
coulde death to Pryame stande?

W C W. Now captives all, with swyft recourse  
repayze ye to the seayes,  
Now spredade the shippes, theyz sayles abroade,  
and sooz the they seeke theyz wayer.

Imprinted at London in Fleetstrete  
within Temple barre, at the signe of the  
hand and sterte, by R.  
chard Tottell.

Cum privilegio ad impri-  
mendum solam.



EN

ND